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OUR POLITICAL RELATIONS WITH
PERSIA.*

If one who proposed to celebrate the return of Diomedæ were to commence with the death of Meleager, or in undertaking to narrate the siege of Troy were to journalize the incubation of the double-yolked egg, he would not commit a greater absurdity than the writer, who, in setting forth the history of British diplomacy in Persia, should do more than make a passing allusion to the adventures of the Brothers Shirley, the infructuous embassy of Sir Dodmore Cotton, or the allied expedition which wrested Ormus from the Portuguese. Diplomatic intercourse between the two countries can hardly, indeed, be said to have commenced before the opening of the present century. Previous to that time the East India Company, which alone maintained any communication with the people of Persia, were represented merely by commercial agents wholly intent on driving a lucrative trade. The Persians, therefore, had come to regard the English nation as nothing more than a mercantile community, more honest in adhering to a bargain than clever in making one, and rather to be envied for their wealth than respected for their moral and material power. Subsequent events have, probably, modified this opinion.

At the accession of the Marquis Wellesley, then Lord Mornington, to the Governor-Generalship of India, considerable apprehension prevailed even in Calcutta as to the safety of the British possessions in the east. The wolf-cry of the day was Afghan invasion. This calamity had so frequently been threatened that it was at last looked upon as a certainty, though its occurrence might possibly be delayed a few months, or even a few years. At that time the kingdom of Afghanistan was ruled by Shah Zeman, a prince whose ambition was in the inverse ratio of his talents, and who, in the attempt to rival his grandfather, the great Ahmed Shah Abdallee, only succeeded in surpassing

the feebleness of his own father Timour. His one all-absorbing thought was the conquest of India, but never did he reach the eastern limits of his territories without being hastily summoned back to their western boundaries in order to repel the insignificant demonstrations of Persia. This ruling passion was, moreover, sedulously inflamed by the interested exhortations of Wuzzeer Ali, of Oude. That notorious personage, after being deposed by Sir John Shore, had fixed his residence at Benares, whence his active and intriguing mind soon found means to communicate with the Afghan ruler. As the price of his own restoration to power he offered to advance a large sum of money, and promised to exert his whole influence in Oude in favor of the invader. Similar professions were also made by the Rajah of Mysore; while the Mahomedan population of Hindostan openly avowed their natural sympathy for their co-religionists, and indulged in fond dreams of the expulsion of the hated Feringhee.

The threatening aspect of public affairs filled the mind of the governor-general with deep anxiety. As yet unacquainted with the courage and fidelity of the native troops, when led by English officers, he hesitated to confide to their unaided valor the fortunes of the British empire in the east. In his alarm he turned his eyes towards Persia, and sought to stay himself on that bruised and broken reed. There was then no accredited representative of this country at the court of Teheran, and the only agent of the East India Company was a Persian nobleman residing at Bushire, named Mehdi Ali Khan. To him, therefore, Lord Wellesley was compelled to have recourse, and the Khan is acknowledged to have served him faithfully and with zeal. The first plan that suggested itself was to subsidize the entire Persian army, but his lordship finally adopted the less expensive measure of spending annually twenty to thirty thousand pounds in order to induce the court of Teheran "to keep Shah Zeman in perpetual check, but without any decided act of hostility." This was the more easy, that Futteh Ali Shah had already resolved to make an inroad into Khor-

* An admirable article with this title, to which the writer of the present sketch is greatly indebted, appeared in the *Calcutta Review*, No. XXIII., 1849.

assan. An expedition was accordingly dispatched in the early part of 1798, under the command of Prince Mahmoud and Prince Firoz, refugee brothers of the Afghan potentate, and for whose outfit Mehdi Ali Khan advanced the modest sum of £1,700. However, the incapacity of the chiefs, or the inefficiency of the armament, resulted in complete failure, and a fair proof was given of the true value of the Persian alliance. In the following year the Shah took the field in person, declaring his resolution to conquer and reduce the countries of Candahar and Herat. But fortune was as little favorable to the "King of Kings" as to the exiled princes, and in the autumn his Majesty returned to Teheran, having effected nothing more than the withdrawal of Shah Zeman from Lahore to Peshawur. The governor-general's agent now waited upon the Shah in his capital, and by the judicious expenditure of £25,000, convinced his ministers of the expediency of making frequent diversions on the western side of Afghanistan. The Persian monarch, accordingly, again entered Khorassan in the spring of 1800, and Shah Zeman, postponing for the present all ideas of Indian conquest, advanced to Herat to defend his own dominions from foreign invasion.

It was at this conjuncture that Captain—afterwards Sir John—Malcolm arrived at Bushire, whence he hastened to Teheran, and was graciously received by Futteh Ali Shah, on his return home for the winter after another inglorious campaign. The object of the British mission was two-fold: to create a counterpoise to Afghan ambition, and to warn the Shah against listening to the seductive counsels of the French Directory. Much as he had suffered from his fear of the Afghans, Lord Wellesley was yet more severely afflicted with Gallophobia in its very worst form. It was then, indeed, the primary article of every Englishman's faith that a Frenchman was his natural enemy, and one not deterred by any scruples from accomplishing the ruin of his country. But as yet French influence had obtained no footing in Persia. Captain Malcolm found the field open to him, and no foe appeared within the lists. He pushed his advantage to the utmost. With lavish hands he showered down largesses on all who appeared to wish well to his cause—and who could be

so ungracious as to frown upon such a munificent Elchee? Assuredly, few Persians could have been found so blind to their personal interests, as to refuse their co-operation to one who scattered wealth on all around him with such fabulous prodigality, that many believed he had been promised a per centage on all he could possibly spend. His objects were, for the time, fully attained. It was unnecessary indeed to raise up any barriers against the folly of Shah Zeman, for that unhappy prince fell into a brother's hands and was deprived of sight. But with regard to the French there was nothing left to be desired. It was agreed that, "Should any army of the French nation, actuated by design and deceit, attempt to settle with a view of establishing themselves on any of the islands or shores of Persia, a conjoint force shall be appointed by the two high contracting parties, to act in co-operation for their expulsion and extirpation, and to destroy and put an end to the foundation of their treason; and if any of the great men of the French nation express a wish or desire to obtain a place of residence, or dwelling, in any of the islands or shores of the kingdom of Persia, that they may raise the standard of abode or settlement, leave for their residing in such a place shall not be granted." A firman was also issued to the governors of provinces, enjoining them to "expel and extirpate the French, and never allow them to obtain a footing in any place," and even authorizing them "to disgrace and slay the intruders."

It might be supposed that an alliance acquired by so much cost and trouble would be jealously and carefully maintained. Nothing more, however, was done; and for several years there was little intercourse between the Indian and Persian governments. And there would probably have been still less, but for a tragical occurrence which, in its consequences, afterwards bordered on the burlesque. Diplomatic, or at least Asiatic, etiquette demanded that the compliment implied by Captain Malcolm's embassy should be acknowledged by a return mission; but the empty and expensive honor of representing his country had no attractions for any of the great men about the Persian court. A certain Haji Khalil Khan, however, having some commercial ends in view, at length accepted the post, and proceeded

to India in 1802. Unhappily a serious quarrel broke out, while he was at Bombay, between his attendants and the sepoys of his guard; and in attempting to allay the disturbance the Elchee was accidentally shot. Great were the consternation and perplexity of the Indian government. Every demonstration was made of official sorrow and regret; ample explanations and apologies were offered to the Persian court: and such liberal pensions were granted to the relatives of the deceased, that a Persian of distinction is reported to have said, "The English might kill ten ambassadors, if they paid for them at the same rate." The Haji's brother-in-law, Mirza Nebbee Khan, thought, however, that the accident might be turned to yet better account, and by means of enormous bribes obtained for himself the vacant post of honor. Not that the "honor" was his inducement. He proceeded to India "to exercise the triple functions of minister, merchant, and claimant of blood-money, which he roundly assessed at twenty lakhs of rupees." He failed in all these purposes. His arrogant language and overbearing demeanor rendered him personally obnoxious, and besides it was felt that enough had already been done to atone for an unavoidable accident. His political mission fared no better than his private one. He had been instructed to solicit the active co-operation of the Indian government in repelling Muscovite aggression; but Sir George Barlow had entrenched himself behind the principle of non-intervention, being seemingly of opinion that it is the duty of a ruler simply to hold the reins but not to guide the car of state. The Central Asian question, besides, had now attained a magnitude and importance that brought it within the immediate sphere of action of the home government. This question had sustained considerable modifications since the commencement of the century. Perron's battalions had been annihilated or dispersed; the French had completely failed to establish themselves in Egypt; Runjeet Sing had erected an impassable barrier against the Afghans; and the kingdom of Afghanistan itself was rent by internal strife and civil discord. A more formidable enemy than all these now appeared upon the scene, though many years were yet to elapse before the self-complacent fatuity of British statesmen could be made

to comprehend that Russia was the only power really dangerous to the safety of our Indian Empire.

The outlines of Russian policy in the east were sketched by the master-hand of Peter the Great, and have since undergone but little variation. In the political testament ascribed to that wonderful barbarian, India is distinctly stated to be the goal of Russian ambition. "We must progress as much as possible," it says, "in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can once get possession of these points is the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels—at one time with Turkey, and at another with Persia. We must establish wharves and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea, as well as of the Baltic, which is a doubly important element in the success of our plan. We must hasten the downfall of Persia; push on to the Persian gulf; if possible, re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Levant, through Syria; and force our way into the Indies, which are the store-houses of the world. Once there, we can dispense with English gold." Whether or not this testament be genuine, it is certain that Peter acted on the principles above enunciated. So early as 1717 he attempted to possess himself of the Khanat of Khiva, and only failed through the savage patriotism of its inhabitants. Previously to this he had established a grievance against Persia, in the massacre of three hundred Russian residents at Shamakhi, during an inroad of the Lesghes. Objects of greater importance, however, intervened, and compelled him to postpone the execution of his vengeance until 1722. In that year Shah Sultan Hooossein was weak enough to implore the assistance of the Czar against his own rebellious subjects. He did not ask in vain. Having assembled a considerable force at Astrakhan, Peter speedily made himself master of Derbend—the Iron Gate—and, in the following year, of the province of Ghilan. While these events were passing in the northwest, the Afghans, emboldened by the pusillanimity of the Shah, had marched triumphantly upon Ispahan, and seized upon the person of the imbecile monarch. In this emergency his son Tamash had recourse to the Russian despot, who exacted the cession of various

towns and provinces in return for very equivocal services. Fortunately for Persia, a hero arose in her hour of utmost need, and before the completion of the first half of the eighteenth century Nadir Shah had wrested all their recent acquisitions from Turks, Russians, and Afghans. Among these restored dependencies of the Persian crown was Georgia, though it continued to be governed by its own Wully with almost sovereign power. Lying at the foot of the Caucasian range, it was subject to frequent incursions from the rude mountain tribes, who carried off the flocks and herds, and even the wives and children, of their unwarlike neighbors. Unable to obtain protection for his subjects from their lawful suzerain, the Shah of Persia, Prince Heraclius applied to Catherine II., and transferred his allegiance to the Czarina. The Georgian prince, however, had acted with more passion than prudence. Aga Mahomed Khan, having securely established himself on the throne, hastened to chastise his revolted vassal. Heraclius was defeated in battle, and his capital Tiflis given up to plunder. The Russians at length advanced to his succor, and a savage warfare was carried on with equal ferocity on either side, until the assassination of Aga Mahomed at Sheesha. On the death of Heraclius the wretched country became the prey of civil dissensions, from which it was only rescued by the famous ukase of Paul, that declared Georgia to be an integral portion of the Russian empire. His son and successor, Alexander I., completed the work of annexation by the arms of the ubiquitous Zizianof, afterwards murdered while attending a conference before the walls of Badku. The evident superiority of the Russians in the field constrained the Shah to solicit foreign aid. In the first instance he addressed himself, as already stated, to the Indian government, and only after the rejection of his application did he turn a favorable ear to the propositions of the French envoy.

In the summer of 1805, Colonel Romieu had arrived at Teheran, the bearer of handsome presents, and accredited under the Emperor's own hand. At his first interview, the Shah condescended to put to him only three questions: "How are you?" "How is Bonaparte?" "What made you kill

your king?" But afterwards, when he discovered that no hope was to be founded on the English alliance, he listened with some complacency to Colonel Romieu's overtures. They were sufficiently explicit and straightforward. As a compensation for the passive friendship of England, the French Emperor offered to appoint a resident minister at Teheran, to subsidize the Persian army, and to throw an auxiliary force into Georgia. It is very likely that the inopportune death of the envoy alone prevented the contraction of a formal alliance between the two courts at this period. The event actually took place in 1807, when the treaty of Finkenstein engaged the two powers to attack Russia simultaneously from the east and from the west. The exclusion of the English from Persia, and the future invasion of Hindostan by the French—a Persian army marching down the while "by the road of Cabul and Candahar"—were also provided for. A few months later, however, Napoleon's views were considerably affected by the peace of Tilsit, and he now dreamed of operating against India, by an allied Franco-Russian army acting from the basis of Persia. This arrangement would not have been easily acceded to by the Shah, who ever evinced a sagacious jealousy of the presence of a foreign army within his territories, though he might not have refused to send his troops under the command of European officers to make a diversion on the northwestern frontiers of Hindostan. The conquest of the East had been long a favorite vision of the French Emperor. *Vastus animus immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.* And now a favorable opportunity seemed to present itself. In the first ardor of the newly revived project, he determined to dispatch Lucien, the ablest of his brothers, to the Court of Teheran, and it is not unlikely that Alexander's lukewarmness alone prevented him from making Central Asia the burial-ground of a French army. He lost nothing, however, by his subsequent selection of General Gardanne, who, in due time, arrived at Teheran, attended by an imposing suite, chiefly composed of military officers. The organization of the Persian army was then promptly proceeded with; the elements of European discipline were introduced with partial success; and the artillery was placed on a tolerably efficient footing.

This Franco-Persian coalition was justly deemed to bode no good to the British possessions in India, but the alarm it created was beyond all proportion to its real capabilities of doing injury. The recent neglect shown to Persia was now succeeded by an exaggerated notion of the importance of the Shah's good will. Both the home government and that of India hastily adopted measures to atone for their past remissness; but acting without concert, and under the blind guidance of a panic, they well nigh succeeded in neutralizing each other's influence. The British ministry, considering that the Persian alliance had now become a question for European diplomacy, in the autumn of 1807 sent out Sir Harford Jones as envoy extraordinary from the Crown. This appointment gave great umbrage to Lord Minto, who described it as "a solecism in the system of diplomatic delegation;" and he accordingly instructed Brigadier-General Malcolm to proceed to Teheran as the representative of the Indian government. As Sir Harford Jones sighted the harbor of Bombay, his rival was spreading his sails for the Persian gulf. Though astonished and chagrined, the Crown envoy had the good sense to await the result of the Indian mission. He had not long to wait. General Malcolm arrived at Bushire while the French influence was still in the ascendant. In vain he had recourse to his former expedient of strewing his path with gold. The Persians were then struggling for their existence as an independent nation, and stood more in need of arms, ammunition, and officers than of money. Foiled in every attempt to make a favorable impression, General Malcolm lost his self-possession, and sought a balm for his wounded vanity in undignified reproaches and threats of invasion. Sailing round the peninsula of Hindostan, he hastened to Calcutta in the hope of inducing the Governor-General to send an expedition against Persia, commencing with the permanent occupation of the island of Karrak. A force was actually equipped for this purpose, but before it could set sail from Bombay, intelligence was received of the complete success of the British envoy.

On being apprised of General Malcolm's failure, Sir Harford Jones resolved upon testing his own powers of conciliation. Though a hasty and impetuous man, he was

endowed with a lawyer-like dexterity, and possessed an intimate knowledge of the Oriental character, besides having many personal friends and old acquaintances at the Persian court. He was also fortunate in the opportunity of his arrival in the Persian Gulf. The promises and protestations of the French had as yet borne no fruits, and, to crown the whole, Napoleon had entered into an alliance with the avowed enemy of Persia, though his envoys had previously assured the Shah's ministers that no friend of Russia could ever be a safe ally for their country. Sir Harford lost no time in turning their own weapons against themselves. The main argument he adduced in favor of friendship with Great Britain was the alliance between the professed friend and the open foe of Persia. The inference was natural and cogent. The British envoy was received with distinction, and, as he advanced towards the capital, General Gardanne slowly retreated to the frontier. Following up his advantage, Sir Harford drew up the articles of a preliminary treaty, signed on the 12th of March, 1809, and which constitutes the basis of every treaty since concluded with the court of Teheran. But his hastiness of temper had well-nigh countervailed all his labors at the very moment of their apparent fruition. The Persian minister, Mirza Sheffei, an infirm old man, alluding to the indefiniteness of one of the articles of the treaty, permitted himself to use a coarse expression equivalent to accusing the envoy of an intention to "cheat." The word was hardly uttered, before the fiery Welshman had sprung to his feet. Seizing the counter-part of the treaty which was lying before him already signed, he gave it to his secretary, Mr. Morier, and telling the wuzer that he was a stupid old blockhead, and that respect for the Shah alone restrained him from dashing his brains out upon the spot, he shoved his head against the wall, kicked over the candles, strode to the door, mounted his horse, and rode home, while the astonished bystanders exclaimed: "By Allah! this Feringhee is either drunk or mad."

This untoward incident being effaced, the negotiations were brought to a successful result—that is, successful according to the tenor of Sir Harford's instructions. He had been instructed to compass the expulsion of the French from Persia, and he not only

effected this, but bound the Shah never to "permit any European force whatever to pass through Persia either towards India or towards the ports of that country." He therefore faithfully discharged the duty assigned to him, and so far is worthy of all praise. But the wisdom of those instructions is another question. French intrigue, truly, was checked, but Russian influence remained undiminished. The march of a French army into Persia was perhaps a possible contingency for one gifted, like Napoleon, with the power of working strategical miracles; but for a less than Napoleon it would be a matter of extremest peril. The Russian armies, however, were every year encroaching further and further upon Persian territory. In their eagerness to escape running on shore, ministers overlooked the danger of foundering at sea. The lesser peril was removed, the greater was allowed to continue, and, by continuing, to augment. In return for the doubtful advantage of expelling the French, Sir Harford pledged his government to pay to that of Persia an annual subsidy of £100,000 while engaged in war with Russia, and to supply 16,000 stand of arms, with twenty field-pieces complete, besides a detachment of artillery-men and officers. "The pecuniary loss," says Dr. Taylor, "was the least evil resulting from this disgraceful treaty. It was studiously circulated through the East that England had been forced to purchase the protection of the Persian monarch; and the Asiatic princes, who well knew the feebleness of Persia, felt and expressed their contempt for those who stooped to accept of such protection." There was, moreover, one particular article which subsequently occasioned considerable embarrassment to the British government. The seventh article expressly stipulates that: "In case war takes place between his Persian Majesty and the Afghans, his Majesty the King of Great Britain shall not take any part therein, unless it be at the desire of both parties, to afford his mediation for peace." This article was expressly confirmed by the definitive treaty concluded by Messrs. Morier and Ellis in 1814, and indeed has never been cancelled, though virtually set aside in 1837-38. However, the conditions of the treaty were at the time considered so advantageous that even Lord Minto accepted them in their integrity, although he had previously "re-

puted Sir Harford's possible negotiations with the Shah, disavowed his diplomatic character, and ordered him summarily to leave the country." The draught of the treaty was conveyed to England by Mr. Morier, in company with the Persian ambassador immortalized in the pages of "Haji Baba;" and as a token of his Britannic Majesty's satisfaction, Sir Harford Jones was appointed to the honorable post of resident minister at Teheran, which he retained until his voluntary resignation in 1811.

But although the Governor-General consented to ratify the conditions of the preliminary treaty as far as it belonged to his province, his lordship was not disposed to waive his supposed right to conduct the diplomatic relations between this country and Persia. He therefore dispatched General Malcolm with a supplementary mission—at a cost to the revenues of India of above £150,000—"to restore and secure the injured credit and insulted dignity of the Indian government." "It must be remembered, however," says a writer to whom we have already acknowledged our obligations, "that to this mission we are indebted for 'Pottinger's Travels in Beluchistan,' for the journals of Grant and Christie, for Macdonald Kinnier's geographical memoirs, for the 'Sketches of Persia,' and for Sir John Malcolm's elaborate history—a series of works which not only filled up an important blank in our knowledge of the East, but which materially helped to fix the literary character of the Indian services." Additions to European literature were not the only objects of this mission. Twelve pieces of field-artillery were presented to the Shah, and the gallant young officers who accompanied General Malcolm devoted their utmost energies to the organization of the Persian army. Of some of them the Persian soldiery speak even now with unbounded admiration. No one, perhaps, was more beloved than Captain Christie, of the Bombay army, who was eventually killed in a night attack by Russians. So great was the efficiency imparted by this officer to his corps, that Abbas Mirza, the Prince Royal, proposed a sham fight between them and a body of troops drilled for many years by Russian officers under his own eye. The Prince's troops attacked vigorously and marched with confidence upon their antago-

nists, who had reserved their fire after the English fashion. Suddenly the latter discharged a close rolling volley, and charged with the bayonet. The next moment the Prince's soldiers were seen fleeing in wild confusion. Heated by their success, Christie's men were heard to exclaim: "O, that we had ball cartridges!" Another very distinguished officer was Lieutenant Lindsay, of the Madras service—afterwards Sir Henry L. Bethune—who stood six feet eight inches in his stockings, fairly proportioned, and as virile in mind as in stature. For some time past Abbas Mirza had been earnestly striving, though with very indifferent success, to introduce the system of European discipline into the Persian army. He had felt the necessity of opposing the Russians with a soldiery, and above all an artillery, framed on the same principles as their own. Like all innovators, he had to encounter at first a multitude of prejudices, to counteract which he was compelled to shoulder a musket himself and learn the goose-step from a Russian deserter. He began with twenty or thirty men at a time, who were drilled in a closed court, to screen them from the ridicule of their comrades. He then commanded his nobles to follow his example, and to carry a musket. Having thus instilled the elements of European discipline into a mere handful of men, he fancied that he had placed the Persian forces on a footing to cope with the hardy warriors of the North. In his own province of Azerbaijan he might undoubtedly have found the raw material for a good soldiery. The Eelyauts, or wandering tribes, are remarkably patient of cold, hunger, and fatigue, but have an insuperable prejudice against death. "If there were no dying in the case," said a Persian nobleman one day to an English officer, "how gloriously the Persians would fight!" In fact they regard courage, philosophically, as the mere impulse of the moment. Your digestion may be good enough to urge you forward to the front, but it is much more likely that your indigestion will lead you out of action to the rear. One of the King's generals, regarded by his own countrymen as something of a hero, was not ashamed to tell how a body of troops under his own command were kept at bay by two Russian soldiers, who fired alternately, and finally repulsed their assailants. It was a common

remark among the Persians, that the Russians had so little feeling that, rather than retire, they would suffer themselves to be killed upon the spot. Mr. Morier gives also an amusing account of the manner in which official bulletins were issued; it would not have disgraced the great Napoleon. A body of 14,000 Persians, partly disciplined in the new style, supported by a swarm of irregular horse and twelve field-pieces, under the command of a British officer, advanced to attack eight hundred Russians, posted in the village of Sultanboot. The latter, supposing they had to deal with their usual enemies, boldly marched out to accept the combat. In a short time three hundred of their number were laid low by well-directed volleys of grape-shot, and the survivors hastily withdrew into the village. Here the impossibility of defending themselves with success induced them to capitulate, on condition that their heads should not be struck off: for a reward of ten tomans was given to every soldier who brought in the head of an enemy. This wonderful victory was soon blazoned all over the country. Two thousand Russians, it was said, had been killed, and five thousand taken prisoners, besides twelve great guns. But what chiefly delighted the Persian ministers was the loss of one hundred of their own men, for on previous occasions it had been found impossible to bring them within range of the enemy's guns. Sir Gore Ouseley happened about the same time to call upon the Grand Vizier as he was dictating a letter to the Governor of Mazanderan, announcing the victory. "How many killed am I to put down?" asked his amanuensis. The Vizier replied: "Write, two thousand killed, one thousand made prisoners, and that the enemy were ten thousand strong." Then turning to the English Elchee with a smile, he quietly remarked: "This letter has to travel a long way, and therefore we add in proportion." There was another fact, too, connected with this trifling affair, that greatly encouraged the Persians. Two English sergeants were killed, a circumstance that dispelled all doubts as to Christians honestly fighting with Christians on behalf of the followers of the Prophet. We must now resume the thread of our narrative.

On the resignation of Sir Harford Jones in 1811, the post of ambassador extraordi-

nary to the Court of Teheran was conferred on Sir Gore Ouseley. In the following year, peace having been concluded between Great Britain and Russia, the English officers were necessarily withdrawn from the Persian frontier, and the Muscovite arms were again invariably crowned with victory. The good offices of the British embassy were therefore proffered and accepted, and in 1813 the treaty of Gulistan was signed between the belligerents. The Russians were confirmed in all their conquests south of the Caucasus, consisting of Georgia, Imeritia, Mingrelia, Persian Daghisthan, Karabagh, and parts of Moghan and Talish. The exclusive navigation of the Caspian Sea was also secured to that power, but the new frontier line was so carelessly or so deceitfully defined, that a pretext for hostilities at a future opportunity could never be wanting.

Shortly after the convention of Gulistan a definite treaty was concluded, in 1814, between Persia and Great Britain, on the basis of the preliminary treaty arranged by Sir Harford Jones. It consisted of eleven articles, rather plausible than practicable. The Persian Court undertook to prevent the march of a hostile army upon India by the routes of Khiva, Bokhara, or Kokan—a stipulation involving a geographical impossibility on her part. It was further agreed—but without the assent of the third power—that “the limits of the two States of Russia and Persia should be determined according to the admission of Great Britain, Persia, and Russia.” The annual amount of subsidy was fixed at £150,000, in the event of any European forces invading the territories of the Shah, provided that such invasion was not caused by any act of aggression on the part of Persia. And this money was always to be paid as early as possible, because “it was the custom in Persia to pay the troops six months in advance”—it being all the time notorious that the Persian troops were always in arrears. The fifth article is militating against us at the present moment. It runs as follows:

“Should the Persian Government wish to introduce European discipline among their troops, they are at liberty to employ European officers for that purpose, provided the said officers do not belong to nations in a state of war or enmity with Great Britain.”

The consequence of this article is that

M. Buhler, a French officer, has been engaged in directing the siege operations against Herat, because his country is at peace and amity with our own; just as at the last siege of Herat, Count Simonich, the ambassador of our Russian ally, planned the batteries and pointed the guns.

A yet more remarkable article was the sixth:

“Should any European Power be engaged in war with Persia when at peace with England, his Britannic Majesty agrees to use his best endeavors to bring Persia and such European Power to a friendly understanding. If, however, his Majesty’s cordial interference should fail of success, England shall still, if required, in conformity with the stipulations of the preceding articles, send a force from India, or in lieu thereof pay an annual subsidy of 200,000 tomans for the support of a Persian army so long as a war in the supposed case shall continue, and until Persia shall make peace with such nation.”

If this article have any meaning at all, it distinctly pledges Great Britain to take part with Persia against any European power whatsoever, no matter whether previously on friendly or hostile terms with that power—the only stipulation being that Persia should not be the aggressor. This pledge still remains in force, though it would probably be again evaded, as it was in the last war between Russia and Persia, when it was casuistically urged that “the occupation by Russian troops of a portion of uninhabited ground, which by right belonged to Persia, even if admitted to have been the proximate cause of hostilities, did not constitute the case of aggression contemplated in the treaty of Teheran.” To avoid misconception on the part of ordinary mortals, it would be well if diplomatists made use of peculiar symbols or hieroglyphics, for while they condescend to the vernacular tongue it is impossible to prevent simple-minded persons from attaching the usual significance to apparently familiar phrasology. Thus, the article just quoted was by no means intended to pledge Great Britain to the support of Persia, unless it happened at the moment to be quite convenient, or desirable on other grounds. The ninth article provided for the non-interference of England in the wars of the Persians and Afghans, except in the character of a mediator; and this also we

were compelled to evade when the season arrived for its enforcement. The last condition, touching the extradition of political refugees, was the most disgraceful of all, and has also been systematically ignored. The subsidy engagement was subsequently compromised by Sir J. Macdonald, in the hour of Persia's distress, for the sum of 200,000 tomans. And thus almost every article has been either evaded, set aside, or bought off, of a treaty which commences with this promising exordium: "These happy leaves are a nosegay plucked from the thornless garden of concord, and tied by the hands of the Plenipotentiaries, &c., &c."

It would extend this paper to an unreasonable and unreadable length, were we to introduce the narrative of the war between Russia and Persia, which was terminated by the peace of Turkomanchai in 1828. Originating in worse than Punic duplicity, it was prosecuted with such vigor and success, while Great Britain ignobly stood by, a spectator, of the unjust and unequal conflict, that Persia was constrained to cede the provinces of Erivan and Nakhchivan, together with the whole of Talish and Moghan, and to recognize the Arras as the southern boundary of the Russian dominions in Asia. From that period the influence of Russia has never waned. Persia was then reduced to a position analogous to that of the "independent" native states of India. She may be more or less independent as to her internal administration, but her foreign affairs have ever since been conducted at St. Petersburg. Even so far back as the time of the Chevalier Chardin, we read that the agent of the Muscovite Company obtained precedence of the representatives of the French and English East India Companies, because, explained the Shah, it was necessary to keep neighbors in good humor at any price—*il faut ménager les voisins à quelque prix que ce soit*. The moral precedence, with rare exceptions, has been maintained to the present day. Possibly the time is at hand when the question will be finally settled, whether Briton or Muscovite shall sway the destinies of Central Asia. At the period when a British army was about to march into Bokhara in pursuit of Dost Mahomed, and General Perofski was supposed to be in possession of Khiva, Baron Brunow is reported to have said to Sir John Hobhouse: "If we go on at this rate, Sir John,

the Cossack and the Sepoy will soon meet upon the banks of the Oxus." To this sally the President of the Board of Control gravely and proudly replied: "Very probably, Baron; but, however much I should regret the collision, I should have no fear of the result." The rencontre was postponed by unexpected disasters to both parties. Perofski's veterans were lost in the deserts of Khiva, while the British army in Afghanistan was equally destroyed by the misconduct of its chiefs and the inclemency of the climate. But the real battle-field of English and Russian predominancy in Asia is Persia, and the key of the position is, on the one side, the Caspian—on the other, the Persian Gulf. The outposts are now a second time skirmishing in the valley of Herat.

During the ten years that succeeded the peace of Turkomanchai, the two European powers affected to maintain a cordial understanding with regard to the affairs of Persia. But in reality the physicians were only agreed as to the rapid decline of their patient, while each secretly pursued his own mode of treatment, and contended with the other for the largest amount of fees. It was the policy of England to render Persia strong and self-existent—that of Russia to reduce her to a state of atrophy. The British minister accordingly impressed upon the Shah the necessity of placing the revenues of the country on a better footing, of enforcing the strict administration of justice, and of cultivating friendly relations with all his neighbors. At the same time, on the principle of insuring peace by being prepared for war, liberal supplies of arms and accoutrements were gratuitously forwarded from India, and a select detachment of officers and men was appointed to serve with the Shah's troops. On the other hand, the Russian envoy appealed to the worst passions of the royal princes, inflamed them with a desire for martial glory, and incited them rather to court the praises of minstrels than earn the love and gratitude of their people. On one point, the two courts did act in concert. On the death of Futteh Ali Shah, in 1834, Mahomed Mirza ascended the throne "with the countenance of Russia, and the active support of England; but (continues Sir John M'Neil) although he was unable to move his army from Tabreez until he received pecuniary aid from the British mission, and the assistance of British officers to command

the troops and to give the soldiers confidence in the promises which had been held out to them; and although it was known and admitted at the time that the success of the Shah could not have been secured without hazarding his independence, unless by the opportune and effective assistance he received from England; it did unfortunately so happen that, when he had been firmly seated on the throne, Russian influence was found to have gained an ascendancy in his counsels, which, under the circumstances, it would have appeared unreasonable, or almost absurd, to have anticipated." And yet not altogether unreasonable or absurd, when it is considered that both the young Shah and his father Abbas Mirza had personally experienced the superior power and prowess of the Russians. They had both suffered ignominious defeats at the hands of a greatly inferior force, and Mahommed himself only escaped from the Cossacks at Ganjah by urging his horse to its topmost speed. Recollections of this kind are not easily effaced. That headlong flight never faded from his memory. He might owe gratitude to the English, but of the Russians he entertained a constant and abiding dread. And besides all this, the Russian Envoy entered warmly into his favorite scheme for the recovery of Herat, and all those districts of Afghanistan which had belonged to Persia under the powerful sway of Nadir Shah. He had also a personal cause of offence against Herat. When as yet only heir presumptive to the throne, he had been foiled in an expedition against that city, and it is said that, on his return into the Persian territory, "he swore a solemn oath, after the approved fashion of the knights of old, that he would sooner or later retrace his steps to the eastward, and wipe out his disgrace in Afghan blood." This seems a fitting opportunity to say something about Herat itself, now the turning point of British or Russian supremacy in Central Asia.

To the classical reader Herat is probably better known by its ancient appellation *Aria* or *Artacoana*, an obvious corruption of *Heri*, the old Persian name for the adjacent territory. In the time of Alexander it was already a place of some importance, and Major Price quotes a proverbial stanza purporting that, "originally founded by *Lohorasp*, it was considerably augmented by *Gushtasp*, further enlarged by royal Boh-

men, and finally completed by Alexander the Grecian." Like most celebrated cities in the East, Herat has undergone many vicissitudes. It was visited by the locust-like hordes of Ghenghis Khan. It was also taken in 1381 by Timour Shah, who demolished the fortifications, and carried off its chief treasures, particularly the great gates overlaid with iron, on which were inscribed the names and designations of all the princes of the Ghorian race, who, each in his turn, had strutted their brief hour on that stage. Half a century later a yet more dire calamity befell the unfortunate city. It was almost depopulated by a pestilence, supposed to have been the small-pox. Ten thousand individuals perished in a single day, and an officer stationed at one of the gates counted 4,000 biers as they passed him, without reckoning the multitudes of dead bodies borne on men's backs, without any other covering than the clothes in which they had died. The tide of conquest again burst upon Herat under Nadir Shah, who also annexed Ghuznee and Candahar to the kingdom of Persia. Soon after his death, however, Ahmed Shah Abdallee recovered those cities and provinces for Afghanistan, of which they have ever since been regarded as an integral portion. It is true, indeed, that during the many revolutions which have torn that kingdom since the commencement of the present century, the chief in temporary possession of Herat has transferred his allegiance from Caubul to Teheran, or from Teheran to Caubul, as it suited his private ends, or according to the pressure from without. But the British government has all along steadily refused to recognize the suzerainty of Persia, except to the same nominal extent that the Ameer of Caubul professes to acknowledge the Shah-in-Shah as his supreme lord and the King of Islam.

The situation of Herat is described as very beautiful. It stands in a fertile and well-watered valley, thirty miles in length by fifteen in width, cultivated like a garden, and once covered with flourishing villages. As the emporium of commerce between Caubul, Cashmere, Bokhara, Hindostan, and Persia, it is dignified by the appellation of *Bunder*, or *Port*, though no more on the seacoast than Bohemia. Its staple commodities are silk, assafoetida, and saffron. The gardens around the city, and also within the

walls, abound with mulberry trees, grown for the sole purpose of rearing the silk worm. Pines are indigenous in the plains, the pistachio tree on the hills, and in both localities flourishes the assafoetida. Both Hindoos and Belooches are as partial to this odorous plant as the Italians to garlic. The stem is roasted in ashes, the leaves boiled like any other green vegetable. Wheat, barley, and many kinds of fruit grow abundantly in this favored valley, while large flocks of broad-tailed sheep graze on the lower slopes of the hills. "Herat," exclaims its native historian Khondemir, "is the eye, the lamp, which gives light to all other cities. Herat is the soul, of which this world is but the body; and if Khorassan be the bosom of the world, Herat is allowed to be the heart."

When Macdonald Kinneir visited Herat in the early part of the present century, 1810-12, the population was about one hundred thousand, but in 1837 it had declined to less than half that number. At that time it consisted of little more than four long bazaars, each containing about 10,000 inhabitants. It is in fact a square fort, a mile each way, surrounded by a lofty mud wall and a wet ditch, with a few insignificant outworks. These have since been augmented and strengthened, but are not of a nature to withstand a regular siege, properly conducted. How has it fallen since its splendors called forth the enthusiastic praises of Khondemir at the close of the 15th century? It then possessed a citadel "renowned for its impregnable strength and solidity; of which the surrounding fosse is described to have been more unfathomable than the soul of the liberal man in his bounty, and the ramparts more lofty than to be spanned by the ordinary powers of the imagination." It could boast, besides, of many splendid mosques, colleges, alms-houses, mausolea, and caravanserais, and one library. A little way out of the town, on the banks of a river, stood a gorgeous college. "From the varnished gilding on the walls the dawn of the morning derived its blushes, and the reflection of the lapis-lazuli inlay lent its azure tints to the vaults of heaven." Of the numerous public gardens for the recreation of the citizens, the one called the "ornament of the world" surpassed the wonders of fancy. Thirty-two years were consumed in

laying out the grounds and planting them, and in adorning them with porticos, corridors, and pavilions. "Like the flower enamelled retreats of elysium, its heart-expanding area exhibited one entire carpet of roses, and of every description of flower and fragrant shrub: the soul-refreshing air which breathed through every avenue, like the zephyr breeze of the earliest month of spring, possessed the influence of assuaging the sorrows of the most afflicted;* the azure realms of ether faded in the comparison with the charming tints of its ever-verdant pastures; and the fountain of the water of life itself produced nothing to be compared with the lovely translucent streams which either shot in brilliant showers to the sky, or wandered in velvet-bordered rills through every part of this enchanting scene."

Temple and tower have long since crumbled away; the health-giving gardens have been trampled under foot; the names of Khondemir and of his yet more illustrious fellow-citizen Noor-ood-deen Abdurrahmanool-Jami, the author of "Yussuf Zuleikha," have passed into oblivion; and the once stately streets are now filled with heaps of offal and carrion. Nevertheless, Herat is now a more important spot on the earth's surface than in the most palmy days of Mahommedanism.

It is undeniable that in 1836 the Shah had strong grounds of complaint against the prince and people of Herat. During the lifetime of Abbas Mirza, Prince Kamran consented to pay an annual tribute of 50,000 rupees (£5000) to Persia, and further promised to demolish the fortress of Ghorian on the borders of Khorassan. But on the death of the Prince Royal the tribute was withheld, the strength of the frontier fortress augmented, the resident Persian families refused permission to return into their own country, and the Wuzer, Yar Mahommed Khan, encouraged to make an inroad into Khorassan, whence he carried off 12,000 Persian subjects, afterwards sold to the slave-dealers of Bokhara and Khiva. It was im-

*In the ancient *fabliau* entitled *Li Lois de l'Oiselet*, the same idea is expressed in nearly the same words: "The gardens were of strange device, and in them were plants more than I can name, but there were roses and flowers that diffused the most fragrant odors, and spices of such virtue that a man who was sick and infirm having passed the night in a litter placed in the grounds, went away next morning sound and strong." There is no doubt the old Trouveres drew much of their inspiration from the East.

possible for Mahommed Shah to overlook these insults and outrages, and, had it not been for their mutual jealousy of each other, it is unlikely that either Russia or England would have interfered in the matter. But as the one countenanced the projected expedition, the other felt bound to thwart it. Were it not for the arrogant position assumed by Russia in the Councils of Teheran, it would be quite unimportant to Great Britain whether Persia or Afghan ruled at Herat. That city, however, is geographically and strategically the key of Afghanistan. From that basis a large army could securely operate against Candahar and Caubul, from the former of which places it is little more than a hundred miles distant. Herat, in the power of Persia, would thus become a Russian advanced post, threatening our Indian possessions. It is possible that no real danger is to be apprehended from the northwestern frontier, but the very shadow of a menace is at least equivalent to a gross insult. And although no Russo-Persian army might be able to force its way through the mountain passes of Afghanistan, or cross the Indus in the face of the British troops, with any prospect of ultimate success, there is no doubt that Russian intrigues would be ever busy creating disturbances within our territories, and unsettling men's minds with fear of change.

For these reasons Mr. McNeil took upon himself to remonstrate with the Shah, and to recommend negotiation before having recourse to extreme measures. At one time there appeared a reasonable expectation that a compromise might be effected. A deputy from Herat had an interview with a plenipotentiary of the Shah, but the conference broke off on a point of dignity. "You demand hostages," exclaimed the Heratee; "we gave no hostages during the reign of the late Shah, and we will give none now. You demand a present; we are ready to give as large a present as we can afford. If the Shah is not satisfied with this, and is determined to attack us, let him come. We will defend our city as long as we can; and if we are driven from it, it will, of course, remain in your hands till we can find means to take it back from you." These were "brave words," but Prince Kamran was in no position to give them full effect. There were enemies on all sides. A blood-feud existed between him and

the brother chiefs of Caubul and Candahar. It would lead us too far from our subject to narrate how this came to pass, and it is the less needful that it has already been clearly set forth in the introductory pages of Mr. Kaye's eloquent history of the war in Afghanistan. But no sooner was it known that the Shah had finally resolved to conduct an expedition against Herat, than the Candahar chiefs proposed to form an offensive and defensive league with Persia; and Kohundil Khan, in writing to the Governor of Khorasan, expressed a hope that "Kamran and Yar Mahommed, who are now wandering in the plain of disgrace, will be driven into the desert of destitution." The Russian Envoy also urged the Shah's ministers to use dispatch, and thus anticipate the dilatory action peculiar to a constitutional government like that of Great Britain. His words fell on no ungrateful soil. It was in vain that Prince Kamran, now seriously alarmed, besought the mediation of the English Elchee, and sent a plenipotentiary to Teheran, the bearer of costly presents, and charged with the most advantageous propositions. He pledged himself to suppress all incursions into the Persian territory, to release all captives, to pay tribute, to aid the Shah in all his wars with an auxiliary force, to do every thing but abdicate. It was too late. The Persian Minister declared that the Prince of Herat must expect no mercy until he had made an entire submission, and acknowledged himself the abject servant of the king of kings. Instead of doing so, he still presumed to style himself "Kamran Shah," as if two kings could dwell in one kingdom. Even the Governor of Fars, a district ten times as large as that of Herat, never arrogated to himself a higher title than that of Ameerzadeh, or Son of a Prince. Equally ineffective was the zealous mediation of Mr. McNeil. Evil counsels prevailed, and the Shah took the field in person. At first, fortune smiled upon his arms. The frontier fortress of Ghorian capitulated in ten days, and in the latter part of 1837 he sat down before Herat with an army of nearly 40,000 men and 80 pieces of artillery. This was the limit of his success, notwithstanding the active co-operation of the Russian Minister, Count Simonich, and the desperate valor of the regiment of Russian deserters, whose future pardon was made to depend on their present

good conduct. The Court of St. Petersburg had, indeed, all along professed a desire to act in harmony with the British Cabinet, and expressed regret and disapprobation at the Shah's invasion of Afghanistan. They even published a dispatch from their Minister at Teheran, describing the efforts he had made to frustrate the expedition, and his determination not to lend to it the sanction of his own presence. To prove his sincerity, Count Simonich advanced the Shah 50,000 tomans to enable him to take the field, and shortly afterwards set out in his private carriage—being lame from a wound in the leg—to join the Persian army under the walls of Herat. Here he not only afforded the besiegers the benefit of his superior military knowledge, but also actively intrigued with the Afghan princes. He had already written a friendly letter to Dost Mahomed from Teheran, to which he added a verbal message, through the Ameer's agent Haji Ibrahim, that if the Shah failed to satisfy all his wishes he might rely on the protection of the Czar. The precise meaning of this communication is thus explained by the Haji: "The object of the Russian Elchee by this message is to have a road to the English (in India), and for this they are very anxious." And the agent reminds his master that *he* holds a turnpike lower down "the road." The Dost was at that time kept in constant anxiety and apprehension by the increasing power of the Sikhs, whom he hated, besides, with the fervor of a fanatic. To protect himself from their encroachments he endeavored, in the first instance, to form a close alliance with the British Government in India. Failing to effect this object, he was prepared to receive the tempting overtures of Captain Vicovich, a Cossack officer, overtly accredited for the purpose of concluding a commercial treaty, but covertly employed in extending the prestige of Russia. With an air of candor he admitted to the Dost that the English had preceded the Russians in civilization by two or three centuries, but that the latter had now awakened from their long sleep. The English, he added—adopting the casual remark by Adam Smith so complacently appropriated by the Emperor Napoleon—were not "a military nation, but merely the merchants of Europe." The Czar, on the other hand, was supreme and absolute in his own country, had only to will a thing to have it performed,

and, as soon as Herat had fallen, would send an army to assist the Afghans in exterminating the Sikhs, before the British Government would have emerged from the region of deliberation. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Barukzye faction should have leaned towards an alliance which promised both the destruction of the last Dooranee stronghold, and the extinction of their foreign enemies. Not less pains were taken by Count Simonich to spread abroad the expectation of a general rising of the Mahomedan population of India, so soon as the tidings arrived of the fall of Herat. "The Persian Government," wrote Mr. McNeil to Lord Palmerston, November 27th, 1837, "has openly expressed a belief that the possession of Herat would give such a hold upon England, that she would no longer be able to deny any thing they might demand; for that the possession of Herat would give the power to disturb us in India, or to give a passage to our enemies whenever the Persian Government should think proper to do so." It thus became evident that the expedition against Herat was likewise a hostile demonstration against England. This alone would have justified, and indeed necessitated, the repudiation of the ninth article of the definitive treaty of the 25th November, 1814, which prohibited the interference of his Britannic Majesty in the wars of the Persians and Afghans, except in a mediatorial capacity. And the Duke of Wellington, in a private letter to the late Mr. St. George Tucker, clearly stated that such was his own conviction. "I don't know," wrote his Grace, "that while the siege of Herat continued particularly by the aid of Russian officers and troops, even in the form of deserters, the Government of India could have done otherwise than prepare for its defence." But a more specious, if not a more sound, motive for assuming a hostile attitude had been furnished by the improvident insolence of the Shah's ministers. A gross outrage had been perpetrated on a servant of the embassy, and all demands for an explanation and redress had been treated with contempt. After exhibiting the utmost patience and forbearance, and using every means to effect a reconciliation, Mr. McNeil had no alternative but to withdraw from his post, and the rupture between the two countries was complete. On the 19th of June a detachment of the Bombay Native Infantry, with two six

pounders, was landed on the island of Karrak in the Persian Gulf, and the point of the sword was thus directed, as it were, against the very heart of the kingdom.

In the mean time the siege of Herat had been prosecuted with greater perseverance than good fortune. The garrison, encouraged by the energy and military talents of Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger, defended themselves with heroic intrepidity, and gloriously repulsed a grand assault delivered on the 23rd of June, 1838. This was the last effort on the part of the enemy, though his army remained before the walls for several months longer. The vast preparations made by the Indian Government for the invasion of Afghanistan, and their occupation of Karrak, had astonished and dismayed the Court of St. Petersburg. The Shah was therefore advised to make peace, by removing all causes of offence. The minister who had maltreated the messenger of the English envoy was publicly disgraced, and the Persian army withdrawn from before Herat. Ghorian also was evacuated, and a commercial treaty arranged on terms of mutual advantage.

From that period until very recently the most friendly relations have prevailed between the Courts of Teheran and St. James. On the death of Mahommed Shah, in 1848, his eldest son, Nussir-ood-deen Mirza, was placed on the throne by the united influence of England and Russia. But in other respects British policy has exhibited itself rather in a negative than positive form. The Afghan disasters, occasioned in a great measure by the incapacity of the General appointed by the Horse Guards, for a time cooled the desire of the home Government to intermeddle with Eastern affairs. And it should ever be borne in mind that, although it was at the cost of Indian blood and Indian revenue those terrible campaigns were conducted, it was on the sole responsibility of the English Ministry they were originated. In like manner, it was arranged in 1836 that the Indian Government should contribute £12,000 a year to the expenses of the Persian Mission, although the appointment of the resident Minister was reserved for the exclusive patronage of the home Government. And when it was found necessary to send an expedition into the Persian Gulf, the risk and the expenditure again devolved on the troops and revenues of India. But if the Indian

Government is thus to be held answerable for the peace and security of Central Asia, it is only just and reasonable that it should have the privilege of nominating a resident, to be approved by the Crown, from among its own servants, already experienced in the wiles of Oriental state-craft. It is not too much to say, that had a Lawrence, a Low, or an Edwardes been accredited to the Court of Teheran, instead of an "Honorable" whose testimonials are dated from the far West, the present entanglement of our relations with Persia would never have taken place.

Hardly had the Hon. Mr. Murray arrived at his new post, before he found himself involved in a miserable zenana intrigue, the only object of which was to divert his attention from more serious public affairs. It was at the critical moment when Persia was quivering in the balance between Turkey and Russia, that the British envoy stepped forward as the champion of his servants' wives. An angry correspondence ensued, which naturally resulted in the alienation of the Persian Government and the triumph of Russian diplomacy. The old game has been revived, and now with a fair prospect of success. A Persian army is once more encamped before Herat, and this time it has not to encounter the sagacity of Yar Mahommed, villain though he might be, or the military genius of a Pottinger, or the moral influence of a McNeil. It is said that a well-appointed host of 25,000 men, besides swarms of irregular cavalry, and an efficient battering-train, have already commenced operations. The ostensible motive for the siege is similar to that put forward by Russia for interfering in the internal administration of Turkey. A considerable number of the inhabitants of Herat, being descendants from a colony established by Nadir Shah, profess the Sheeah, or Persian form of Mahommedanism, and have consequently been subjected to some persecution by the prevailing Soonnites. The Shah, therefore, comes forward as the protector of his co-religionists, and demands the possession of Herat as a "material guarantee" for their toleration and freedom from insult throughout Afghanistan. On the same grounds a French or Austrian army might lay claim to Dublin or Cork, for the purpose of defending the Roman Catholics of Ireland from Protestant tyranny. But there remains for England the same necessity as of aforetime, for the pres-

ervation of Herat. "It may be of the very highest importance," wrote Mr. McNeil, on the former occasion, "to preserve the independence of Herat, or at least to prevent its being incorporated with Persia; and, if the Shah should succeed in taking Herat, we shall have reason to regret not having interfered to prevent it."

The same necessity existing, the same means are being adopted for rescuing this advanced post of our Indian empire from the grasp of Russianized Persia. Probably, as we write these lines, 5,000 British troops are encamped on Karrak and the adjacent islands, while a steam flotilla commands the waters of the Persian Gulf. Karrak—the Icarus of Arrian—contains a superficial area of rather more than twelve square miles. Its surface is described as being exceedingly rugged, but on the east side it is not incapable of cultivation. Of more importance is it that it affords safe and spacious anchorage, and that it contains an abundant supply of both spring and well water. At the present moment there are not above 300 inhabitants, chiefly engaged in fishing; but in the time of the Dutch the population is said to have exceeded 3,000. The permanent occupation of this small island would secure the command of the Persian Gulf, and, if it did not acquire the

amity, would at least neutralize the hostility of the Persian Government. Should the Euphrates line of communication be ever opened, this post would become one of great importance. The Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf would thus become the antipodes of Russian and British diplomacy, and Central Asia would form a neutral ground between the absorbing races. To the rest of Europe it must be a matter of perfect indifference whether the English or Persian flag float over the barren rocks of Karrak, except that under the former an additional barrier is raised against Muscovite ascendancy. With much less reason our French allies possessed themselves of Otaheite, and cannot therefore object to a measure which, while it protects British India from foreign insult and internal disturbance, tends to secure the preservation of peace in Asia, and the ultimate tranquillity and welfare of the Persian dominions. The primary expense of the occupation of Karrak is, comparatively, a matter of little consideration; for, to borrow the quaint illustration of Sir Harford Jones—"The British territories in India are a park, valuable enough to justify the proprietor in spending a little money to keep its pales in perfect repair and security."

LAMPS.—Some of our most valuable inventions are of so simple a character, that the only wonder about them seems to be that they "were not found out before." Mr. Nibbs, of Bakewell, Derbyshire, has invented a lamp, destined by its simple mechanical construction to supersede not only the French *Moderateur*, but all other lamps of a similar character, and suited, by its cleanliness and economy, to the wants of all classes. The Patent Oxydate Lamp (here alluded to) is provided with a very simple condensing apparatus, by which a large quantity of atmospheric air is collected and supplied to the flame, which draws from it that proportion of oxygen necessary to effect perfect combustion. The result is a perfectly white and steady flame, without the nuisance of smoke or smell, sufficiently powerful and steady to allow the copying of collodion photographs at night, and is very serviceable for microscopic examinations. This lamp will burn no less than eight kinds of lamp oil now in ordinary use, and two of its greatest merits are its extreme cheapness and durability, without getting out of order. It consumes about five ozs. of oil in six hours while

diffusing a light equal to that of six candles. The invention has been applied to lamps of all characters and designs, from the most elaborate specimens for the nobleman's mansion to the plain, strong, brass mechanic's lamp at 6s. 6d. Omitting the condensing apparatus, and we have the Cottage Lamp, supplying a want long been felt of a good, cheap, and easily-managed light for the cottager, and we have no hesitation in stating that it is not likely to meet a rival—a strong brass lamp to burn ten hours can be had for a shilling! The Crimean Lantern was invented by the same gentleman, and introduced to the notice of Government, who employed it extensively during the war. It recommends itself particularly for mills, warehouses, farm buildings, stables, &c., and from its neat appearance and cleanliness, is well adapted as a safety-light for bedrooms, for when once lighted, it will burn through the longest night without attention. As the evenings are already beginning to draw in, and the demand for a really good and economical light will soon become universal, this notice of Mr. Nibbs' inventions will be quite *apropos*.—*Bristol Advertiser*.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

AN HOUR WITH HUMBOLDT.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

BERLIN, Nov. 25, 1856.

I CAME to Berlin, not to visit its museums and galleries, its magnificent street of lindens, its operas and theatres, nor to mingle in the gay life of its streets and salons, but for the sake of seeing and speaking with the world's greatest living man—Alexander von Humboldt.

At present, with his great age and his universal renown, regarded as a throned monarch in the world of science, his friends have been obliged, perforce, to protect him from the exhaustive homage of his thousands of subjects, and, for his own sake, to make difficult the ways of access to him. The friend and familiar companion of the King, he may be said equally to hold his own court, with the privilege, however, of at any time breaking through the formalities which only self-defence has rendered necessary. Some of my works, I knew, had found their way into his hands: I was at the beginning of a journey which would probably lead me through regions which his feet had traversed and his genius illustrated, and it was not merely a natural curiosity which attracted me toward him. I followed the advice of some German friends, and made use of no mediatory influence, but simply dispatched a note to him, stating my name and object, and asking for an interview.

Three days afterward I received through the city post a reply in his own hand, stating that, although he was suffering from a cold which had followed his removal from Potsdam to the capital, he would willingly receive me, and appointed 1 o'clock to-day for the visit. I was punctual to the minute, and reached his residence in the Oranienburger-strasse, as the clock struck. While in Berlin, he lives with his servant, Seifert, whose name only I found on the door. It was a plain two-story house, with a dull pink front, and inhabited, like most of the houses in German cities, by two or three families. The bell-wire over Seifert's name came from the second story. I pulled: the heavy *porte-cochère* opened of itself, and I mounted the steps until I reached a second bell-pull, over a plate inscribed, "Alexander von Humboldt."

A stout, square-faced man of about fifty, whom I at once recognized as Seifert, opened the door for me. "Are you Herr Taylor?" he asked; and added, on receiving my reply: "His Excellency is ready to receive you." He ushered me into a room filled with stuffed birds and other objects of natural history; then into a large library, which apparently contained the gifts of authors, artists, and men of science. I walked between two long tables heaped with sumptuous folios, to the further door, which opened into the study. Those who have seen the admirable colored lithograph of Hildebrand's picture, know precisely how the room looks. There was the plain table, the writing-desk covered with letters and manuscripts, the little green sofa, and the same maps and pictures on the drab-colored walls. The picture had been so long hanging in my own room at home, that I at once recognized each particular object.

Seifert went to an inner door, announced my name, and Humboldt immediately appeared. He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether we should converse in English or German. "Your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly; but I am also in the constant habit of using English." He insisted on my taking one end of the green sofa, observing that he rarely sat upon it himself, then drew up a plain cane-bottomed chair and seated himself beside it, asking me to speak a little louder than usual, as his hearing was not so acute as formerly.

As I looked at the majestic old man, the line of Tennyson, describing Wellington, came into my mind: "O, good gray head, which all men know." The first impression made by Humboldt's face is that of a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends forward and overhangs his breast, like a ripe ear of corn, but as you look below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, meet your own. In those eyes you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which make the snows of eighty-seven winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trust him utterly at the first glance, and

you feel that he will trust you, if you are worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth, and chin have the heavy Teutonic character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness.

I was most surprised by the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the present year, and had been told that he was beginning to show the marks of his extreme age; but I should not have suspected him of being over seventy-five. His wrinkles are few and small, and his skin has a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow-white, is still abundant, his step slow but firm, and his manner active almost to restlessness. He sleeps but four hours out of the twenty-four, reads and replies to his daily rain of letters, and suffers no single occurrence of the least interest in any part of the world to escape his attention. I could not perceive that his memory, the first mental faculty to show decay, is at all impaired. He talks rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and, in fact, seemed to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, frequently getting up and walking about the room, now and then pointing to a picture or opening a book to illustrate some remark.

He began by referring to my winter journey into Lapland. "Why do you choose the winter?" he asked. "Your experiences will be very interesting, it is true, but will you not suffer from the severe cold?" "That remains to be seen," I answered. "I have tried all climates except the Arctic, without the least injury. The last two years of my travels were spent in tropical countries, and now I wish to have the strongest possible contrast."—"That is quite natural," he remarked, "and I can understand how your object in travel must lead you to seek such contrasts; but you must possess a remarkably healthy organization."—"You doubtless know, from your own experience," I said, "that nothing

preserves a man's vitality like travel." "Very true," he answered, "if it does not kill at the outset. For my part, I keep my health everywhere, like yourself. During five years in South America and the West Indies, I passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever untouched."

I spoke of my projected visit to Russia, and my desire to traverse the Russian-Tartar provinces of Central Asia. The Kirghiz steppes, he said, were very monotonous; fifty miles gave you the picture of a thousand; but the people were exceedingly interesting. If I desired to go there, I would have no difficulty in passing through them to the Chinese frontier; but the southern provinces of Siberia, he thought, would best repay me. The scenery among the Altai Mountains was very grand. From his window in one of the Siberian towns, he had counted eleven peaks covered with eternal snow. The Kirghizes, he added, were among the few races whose habits had remained unchanged for thousands of years, and they had the remarkable peculiarity of combining a monastic with a nomadic life. They were partly Buddhist and partly Mussulman, and their monkish sects followed the different clans in their wanderings, carrying on their devotions in the encampments, inside of a sacred circle marked out by spears. He had seen their ceremonies, and was struck with their resemblance to those of the Catholic church.

Humboldt's recollections of the Altai Mountains naturally led him to speak of the Andes. "You have travelled in Mexico," said he; "do you not agree with me in the opinion that the finest mountains in the world are those single cones of perpetual snow rising out of the splendid vegetation of the tropics? The Himalayas, although loftier, can scarcely make an equal impression; they lie farther to the north, without the belt of tropical growths, and their sides are dreary and sterile in comparison. You remember Orizaba," continued he; "here is an engraving from a rough sketch of mine. I hope you will find it correct." He rose and took down the illustrated folio which accompanied the last edition of his "Minor Writings," turned over the leaves, and recalled, at each plate, some reminiscence of his American travel. "I still think," he remarked, as he closed the book, "that

Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

Among the objects in his study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand, with a big blue-fly (the unconscious provision for his dinner) perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Smyrna," said Humboldt; "he is very listless and unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes, and looked up at us. "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time. He can turn one eye towards heaven, while the other inspects the earth. There are many clergymen who have the same power."

After showing me some of Hildebrand's water-color drawings, he returned to his seat and began to converse about American affairs, with which he seemed to be entirely familiar. He spoke with great admiration of Col. Fremont, whose defeat he profoundly regretted. "But it is at least a most cheering sign," he said, "and an omen of good for your country, that more than a million of men supported by their votes a man of Fremont's character and achievements." With regard to Buchanan, he said: "I had occasion to speak of his Ostend Manifesto not long since, in a letter which has been published, and I could not characterize its spirit by any milder term than *savage*." He also spoke of our authors, and inquired particularly after Washington Irving, whom he had once seen. I told him I had the fortune to know Mr. Irving, and had seen him not long before leaving New York. "He must be at least fifty years old," said Humboldt. "He is seventy," I answered, "but as young as ever."—"Ah!" said he, "I have lived so long that I have almost lost the consciousness of time. I belong to the age of Jefferson and Gallatin, and I heard of Washington's death while travelling in South America."

I have repeated but the smallest portion of his conversation, which flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of the richest knowledge. On recalling it to my mind, after leaving, I was surprised to find how great a number of subjects he had touched upon,

and how much he had said, or seemed to have said—for he has the rare faculty of placing a subject in the clearest and most vivid light by a few luminous words—concerning each. He thought, as he talked, without effort. I should compare his brain to the Fountain of Vaucluse—a still, deep, and tranquil pool, without a ripple on its surface, but creating a river by its overflow. He asked me many questions, but did not always wait for an answer, the question itself suggesting some reminiscence, or some thought which he had evident pleasure in expressing. I sat or walked, following his movements, an eager listener, and speaking in alternate English and German, until the time which he had granted to me had expired. Seifert at length reappeared and said to him, in a manner at once respectful and familiar, "It is time," and I took my leave.

"You have traveled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand again; "now you have seen one more."—"Not a ruin," I could not help replying, "but a pyramid." For I pressed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the Great, of Forster, the companion of Capt. Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, the Marshals of the Empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Cuvier, La Place, Gay-Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott—in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three-quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had not only seen this living history of the world pass by, scene after scene, till the actors retired one by one, to return no more, but had beheld the cataract of Atures and the forests of the Cassiquiare, Chimborazo, the Amazon and Popocatepetl, the Altaian Alps of Siberia, the Tartar steppes and the Caspian Sea. Such a splendid circle of experience well befits a life of such generous devotion to science. I have never seen so sublime an example of old age—crowned with imperishable success, full of the ripest wisdom, cheered and sweetened by the noblest attributes of the heart. A ruin, indeed! No: a human temple, perfect as the Parthenon.

As I was passing out through the cabinet of Natural History, Seifert's voice arrested me. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but do you know what this is?" pointing to the antlers of a Rocky-Mountain elk.

"Of course I do," said I, "I have helped to eat many of them." He then pointed out the other specimens, and took me into the library to show me some drawings by his son-in-law, Mühlhausen, who had accompanied Lieut. Whipple in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains. He also showed me a very elaborate specimen of bead-work, in a gilt frame. "This," he said, "is the work of a Kirghiz princess, who presented it to His Excellency when we were on our journey to Siberia."—"You accompanied

His Excellency then?" I asked. "Yes," said he; *we* were there in '29." Seifert is justly proud of having shared for thirty or forty years the fortunes of his master. There was a ring, and a servant came in to announce a visitor. "Ah, the Prince Ypsilanti," said he: "don't let him in; don't let a single soul in; I must go and dress His Excellency. Sir, excuse me—yours, most respectfully," and therewith he bowed himself out. As I descended to the street, I passed Prince Ypsilanti on the stairs.

The Spendthrift.—By W. Harrison Ainsworth.

PERHAPS if Mr. Ainsworth's qualifications as a novelist were strictly analyzed, his chief merit would be found to consist in a power of rehashing old meat with a striking flavor. His knowledge of the past, especially of the past century, is considerable: he can reproduce the manners and characters of each generation, at all events in its forms, if he misses the living spirit. Neither is the reproduction, up to a certain point, conventional; for the simple reason that he knows a great deal more about the past than the modern novelists he could borrow from. He is conventional, however, in another way: his mode of representation has come to him through a medium; and that medium seems chiefly to be the stage. The highest notion he can form of the actual appears to be derived from the boards.

The Spendthrift is quite of the time in which the scene is laid—England during the later period of the first half of the eighteenth century, as it descends to us through books, especially plays, tales, and satires. There is a careless, extravagant, unprincipled heir; there is a roguish steward to excite his profusion and take advantage of his necessities; there are plenty of hangers-on—a racing lord, a roué baronet and gambler, with professional sharpers of various degrees. In their company and connections Mr. Gage Monthermer is carried through the dissipation of that age, so far as this age permits their exhibition, till he is rescued from total ruin before the book closes. The moral, too, is quite of the last century. After having led a life of inexcusable profligacy, to give it the mildest term, Gage becomes a new man; and Mr. Ainsworth's last sentence, in capital letters, is the very questionable maxim, that "a reformed rake makes the best husband."

The manner of the tale is somewhat more mellow than Mr. Ainsworth's earlier works;

but if it has less of a hard wooden character, it has also less of strength and distinctness. In a literary point of view *The Spendthrift* is perhaps a descent.—*Spectator*.

LOAFERS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—Vagabond foreigners abound in those remote regions. Having "left their country for their country's good," they roam, or rest, as it suits them, among the semi-savage population of these islands. They usually take with them a handsome assortment of civilized vices, which, being crossed with pagan abominations, turn out a progeny well suited to the tastes of these exiles from civilized society.

They are the pest of the island they visit. They scowl upon every attempt to bring Christianity and its blessings into these remote realms. The light of it would expose to others their own wickedness, interrupt their vicious indulgences, and possibly set on fire their own consciences. Hence all missionary operations find in them a bitter foe.

The house of one of these loafers is thus described by a missionary at Ascencion Island. There were two rooms—one just wide enough for a bed and a trunk; the other occupied by a trunk, a board used as a seat, a lounge elevated on two boxes, a rough table in one corner, and beneath it a small box of blacksmith's tools, used by the owner in mending muskets, or making jew's-harps and fish-hooks for the natives. His years are spent in reading and idleness, with an occasional trip to Kiti to trade with ships, and a little tinkering to provide himself with native food. In this hermit's house was a Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Channing's Works, Zimmerman on Solitude, Dr. Hawes' Sermon on Missions, Putnam's Monthly for January, 1854, and several novels.—*Traveller*.—[The catalogue of the library does not support the charges against the loafers.]

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE NIGHT MAIL-TRAIN IN INDIA.

It was seven o'clock on the night of the 10th December, 1855, that we found ourselves, fresh from England, in one of the large barrack-like rooms of a Calcutta hotel, thinking partly of the coming Christmas-tide and the home which we had left behind; partly of our Indian prospects and the journey which lay before us to the far northwest. Although it was December, we sat with all the windows open, oppressed by heat and mosquitoes; and we contrasted, as so many had done before, India with England. This room, we thought, looking at four staring white walls, one brown square table, and three wooden arm-chairs,—*voilà tout*,—this room is not so comfortable as the coffee-room at the club; we had rather be hearing the occasional rumble of a cab outside that window, or even those mendacious rascals who hawk the evening papers, than the dismal buzzing of the mosquitoes and other insects, varied only by the occasional discordant grunting of some palki-bearers jogging on under the burden of a shilling fare. Well, never mind—so we philosophically concluded—even India improves. It is a bore having to travel twelve hundred miles; but to-night, at least, we shall not be boxed up in a palki. It is, after all, something like civilization to be leaving Calcutta by the mail-train. These reflections naturally induced us to look at the watch: it was eight o'clock; the train started at nine; and Indian habits still prevail to such an extent, notwithstanding railways, that we required not less than an hour to go from the hotel to the station, though not two miles distant. So we paid our bill, sent for the best substitute procurable for a cab—viz., a palki gharee; that is to say, a palanquin on four wheels, drawn by a horse—and started at a sober trot for the Howrah terminus. Now then, coachman, why do you stop? Ah! he has cause; we have reached the river-side, and we must bid adieu to the poor substitute for a cab, and take a boat. Ah, how quickly are we transported back to Asia! England dies away in the far, far West, and Western civilization with it. It cannot be that rails are laid, and engines are steaming, and booking-clerks are stamping tickets, within a mile of us; we say, it cannot be. Look

at this Eastern scene. Through the clear, cool, but not chilly atmosphere, we look into the brilliant, cloudless, starlit sky; the growing moon, already sloping to the west, strikes right up the silvered waters of the Hooghly, splinters the wake of our boat, and casts deep shadows under the lee of the black ships which lie everywhere quiet, graceful, motionless, and, like all anchored ships at night, phantom-like; the natives going on their ordinary course wind noiselessly hither and thither, while the natives plying for hire at the strand fill the air with their discordant cries. Eastern are the sounds—Eastern is the sky—Eastern is the slowly moving sacred river; it cannot be that on yonder bank, where nothing is seen as yet but a few Eastern palm-trees, we shall find a night mail-train!

But the boat approaches the northern shore of the Hooghly. The cries which we had left on the other bank revive again; amidst screams, entreaties, and most admired disorder, which two or three half-caste policemen are powerless to repress, we land, and have no more need to ask, Where is the railway? There, right before us, is the unmistakable shed. Unmistakable, indeed! Let architects dispute about their Grecian and their Gothic, their old English and Byzantine, their Tudoresque and their anythingesque, we will undertake to pronounce at once upon that style which may be characterized as the "early Iron." That pent, long, narrow roof—those girders, those pillars—there can be nothing but a railway there. Quietly and slowly, with none of the dash of a Hansom galloping up just in time to save the train, but on foot, with four hired porters—that is to say, poor half-naked Coolies—carrying our baggage, we approach the booking-office. This office is a strange combination of England and India. Indian is the large, high, spacious, verandahed room; Indian are the open doors and the green venetians; Indian is that native clerk in a white cotton jacket;—but English is the wooden screen perforated by ticket windows, that bars the office from the outer world; English is the application we now make, "One first-class to Raneegunge;" English the art with which the oblong card-ticket is thrust into the stamping machine; English the like heavy fare, equivalent to twenty-three shillings,

which is demanded for our one hundred and twenty miles' journey.

We passed on to the deserted platform, feebly illuminated by some weak oil lamps—for Calcutta has its railway, but not its gas-lights. There stood the unpainted wooden carriages; one first-class quite empty, two second-class scantily occupied by a mixed population of Europeans, half-castes, and natives; and six or seven third-class, in which the great multitude, on whom the fortune of the Calcutta Railway depends—the great multitude, for whose accommodation, as distinguished from the great few, all the secrets of nature are gradually brought to light—were herded together in a manner more profitable to the Company than pleasant to the passenger. The train was being made up into two parts, as our readers may recollect that the trains at Euston-square are made up. "Where is the engine?" we asked of the guard, a young Englishman, who, with his neat uniform and dispatch-box, looked fresh transplanted from one of the home lines. "It's with the fore part of the train, sir," he answered; "we shall shove down to it." We observed, as we have just remarked above, that this was like Euston-square. The poor man's eyes lighted up directly. That remark opened a fellow-feeling between us. We had both looked into railway minutiae with curious, interested eyes; so, we were soon in conversation. He had been on the York, Newcastle, and Berwick line in the days of its independence. Ah! we agreed; the express trains *did* go on that line! He enjoyed the conversation, we trust; certainly we did. For a few minutes the iron roads, the rich plains of Yorkshire, the coal-seamed, furnace-lighted tracts of Durham were vividly before us; when he was called off to his duty, to see native porters put up some luggage, or rather to scold and push and intimidate them (we will not use any stronger expression, lest he should lose his place), till five men consented, with much groaning, shouting, and quarrelling, to place on the roof of a carriage one box such as an English porter would have tossed up with one hand. Five minutes to nine! Trains are punctual in India, if nothing else is. We talk of education. What education like that of the glorious, much abused, and as yet little understood invention of the rail-

way? We preach all science and all virtue, but Blackey will not believe. We introduce clocks, and insist on the importance of time, but Blackey lingers for his quarter or half-hour of dearly loved dawdling, nevertheless. But the railway comes; and with an awful mechanical punctuality—more stern, more silent, more exacting, more unscrupulous than any punctuality which a man can pretend to,—the clock strikes, the bell rings, the dead-alive engine whistles—moves—departs; the inexorable metal trio succeed in teaching the lesson which flesh and blood could not impress, and Blackey is never late at a railway station.

Meanwhile the Honorable Company's mail has been placed in a parcel van, under the charge of a native guard, and the night mail-train departs. It is characteristic of the railway, and its tendency to reduce all men and countries to a uniform civilization, that it admits of so little variety, either from climate, country, or any other cause. Every nation has its own peculiar vehicle; every sea, every river, has its own peculiar boat; but a train is a train all the world over. That brief whistle, that strong, silent pull, that gradual glide, that monotonous rattle, have nothing in them, here in the plains of Bengal, to distinguish them from the same sounds and sensations so often experienced amid the factories of Lancashire, the red cliffs and blue sounding waves of South Devon, the vine-bearing plains of France, the rugged passes of Styria, the tropical hills of Havana, or the wild jungle of Western America. The train travels at a rate varying from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. About every eight miles occurs a station with some uncouth name. We look out as we pass one of these; the long, straight line of iron rail still retains its familiar look of civilization, but all its circumstances have become entirely Oriental. The station is a little white bungalow, with green open doors; its name, "Hooghly," is written in those three characters which suggest at every turn to the most careless traveller the strange fate of India: the English, plain, business-like capital letters looking as if they were conscious of belonging to the conquering people; the graceful Persian curling from right to left, emblematic of the politeness, the facile dexterity, perhaps too of the intrigue and instability, of Central

Asiatics, powerful enough to impress on a susceptible people a manner which makes every peasant of Hindostan more or less a gentleman, but unable to cope with the plain, honest force which is represented by the Roman capitals; and, lastly, the mystical Bengalee, the vernacular of the province, closely allied to every vernacular tongue all over India, which here, at the Hooghly station, is read by thousands; while of the two conquering languages one is read by hundreds, the other by units; the language of the conquered million yet containing in it the roots of more than half the words spoken by conquering English, close akin to the ancient Sanskrit, that source beyond which the stream of human language has not yet been traced.

But the train moves on, and, so far as it is concerned, the conquering English has it all its own way. The ancient Sanskrit is still represented by every one of the dull objects which meet the traveller's eye. The ungraceful palm, so strangely associated in European minds with Oriental beauty; the green, melancholy plain; the occasional glimpses of the yellow, sluggish, corpse-bearing river,—these are the witnesses to the fact—so strange, yet so forgotten—that where the English steam-engine now travels, there, just one century ago, the Nawab of Bengal was marching down on Calcutta to perpetrate the Black Hole massacre—that tragedy from which the Anglo-Indian Empire took its birth. Here, centuries ago, the Hindoo walked and sat and smoked, worshipping his god Permanence, even as he walks and sits and smokes and worships the same god to-day.

It is past midnight when we reach Burdwan. This is more than fifty miles from Calcutta, and is the meeting-place for the trains from the northwest and the southeast. We are sorry that we cannot, without misleading the English reader, use the familiar terms "up" and "down." The East Indian Railway Company have thought it necessary to reverse the existing English usage, and have preferred a phraseology in accordance with geographical fact and Old Indian association, to the settled technicalities of the rail. The train which leaves Calcutta is called the "up," because it proceeds up the Gangetic valley, or more probably because, in the language of Anglo-In-

dians, it goes "up country;" whereas the traveller fresh from England is scandalized to find that, when approaching the metropolis of India, he is nevertheless in the down-train. The geographical argument does not merit consideration. The Great Western express runs up the valley of the Thames in going from Reading to London, but Mr. Brunel's hair would stand on end were it to be called a down-train. And even their favorite expression, "up country," should not have induced the Anglo-Indian community to treat with such disrespect their metropolitan city, or to depart from that technical phraseology, the sole convenience of which consists in its being universally adopted. At present the anomaly is of little practical consequence; but when the railway system of India is developed, it will be found impossible to let the up and down phraseology of every branch vary with the real or fancied geographical features of the country; and it will be found desirable, though after a long contrary practice perhaps not possible, to adopt the time-honored English custom, and affix the general designation of "up" to all those lines which lead to, and not from, the metropolis.

Burdwan is, as we have said, the Wolverton, the Swindon, the Peterborough, of the existing portion of the East Indian Railway. The line from Calcutta to Raneegunge consists of only a single rail: single rail traffic has to be managed, of course, with peculiar care. Considering, however, that the whole distance is but one hundred and twenty miles, and that there are two through-trains only either way in the twenty-four hours, we think that this necessary caution is a little more than amply represented by a halt at Burdwan of three hours' duration. It gives us time, however, to contemplate the first Indian effort at a railway refreshment-room. Well, we must not be hypercritical. If we think of Birmingham in its palmy days—before the Trent Valley was open; of that iron-roofed station lying so dark and deserted, nothing seen but the dim glimmer of the almost extinguished lamps, and the ghostly outlines of some spare carriages, which look as if they were glad to have a night's sleep in the shed; nothing heard but the footfall of a solitary policeman, when suddenly a long whistle proclaims the approach of the train from the Grand Junction; in a moment the station

blazes with light brighter than that of day, and the deserted scene is forthwith thronged by a population of porters, cab-drivers, passengers, and hotel waiters; if we recal the old refreshment-room, where four long tables groaned under such joints as the pastures of rich Warwickshire alone could produce, then see, in twenty minutes, the supper over, the train stealing off, the darkness descending as suddenly as it had been dispelled, the platform again silent and deserted:—if we think of all that magic, or of the more ordinary work-a-day neatness of an English refreshment counter, with English women standing behind it, we shall certainly be disappointed by the straggling, open-doored, white-washed, ill-lighted Burdwan refreshment-room; by the slovenly attendance of the sleepy Khidmatgars, half-admiring, half-cursing the unaccountable taste of the English Sahibs, which induces them to run about at night, when they might be in bed, or, if they must travel, might lie at length undisturbed in a soporific palanquin; nor is the culinary treatment of the Bengal beef such as to make him pity the Hindu for being bound to abstain from the flesh of oxen.

But if he is a reasonable man, and compares, not with the past of England, but that of India, he owns that he has fallen upon pleasanter lines than were the portion of his Indian forefathers. The Burdwan station and refreshment-room are, it is freely allowed, capable of much improvement; but it is better to come here and find at least some one expecting us, at least a few lamps burning, at least a bottle of beer in the locker, than to be driven in the middle of the night to the inhospitable shelter of a dāk bungalow, and having at last succeeded in waking its disgusted Khidmatgar, to be shown into a desolate, unfurnished room, and reconciled to finding himself foodless, candleless, bedless, only because it is precisely what he had made up his mind for, and therefore he is not disappointed.

So, again, should murmurs arise concerning the very sober pace of the mail train when in transit, and the very Oriental indifference with which mails and passengers are allowed to sleep away three hours of the night at Burdwan; should some energetic passenger from the Punjab, full of statistics and selections from Government Records, observe that the post is conveyed at a greater average speed by mail-cart in the Northwest than it

is by railway in Bengal; although it may be impossible to contradict him, yet the more patient-minded man recollects that a few years ago he would have been going to Raneeunge in a palanquin; that, after a long night's journey, he would have been only forty miles from Calcutta, whereas now, at midnight, he has accomplished nearly sixty, and will be as far off again in the morning. Again, is it a rainy night—a rainy night in July—in Bengal? He steps with confidence into his first-class carriage and lets it rain. He can go to sleep without any philanthropic cares for the poor bearers, with no selfish anxiety lest the roof of his vehicle should leak, with no misgivings as to how soon he shall be deposited with a crash on the soaked and slippery ground.

The East Indian Railway is very slow, but it keeps time. We found ourselves at Raneeunge punctually at six in the morning; one hundred and twenty miles in ten hours—not very fast—twelve miles an hour; let us hope a good paying pace to the proprietors. There is nothing to describe at Raneeunge—there is nothing to see. The little white station-house, the sheds full of wheeled carriages, belonging to the companies which will convey us over the Grand Trunk Road, are the only signs to mark the present terminus of the East Indian Railway. Civilization, as regards locomotion, here abruptly terminates. The mail-bags are taken out of their dignified van, and pitched into a very dingy, but very strong, mail-cart, to which a country-bred horse is harnessed, partly by rope, partly by bad leather. A native in indescribable costume mounts in front of the cart, takes a loose hold of the reins—which are never used by a native for the purpose of guiding the horse—sounds a few discordant notes on a cracked bugle, and after a few attempts to lie down on the part of the horse, a few turnings round, a few plunges, the Honorable Company's mail gallops off into the jungle at a tremendous rate, as if barbarism were determined to show civilization what it could do. And indeed the performances of barbarism in these mail-carts are so remarkable, that civilization will have a tough task to beat them. Meanwhile, in his onward journey the most discontented railway passenger soon learns to regret the railway. He asks eagerly when the next section will be opened. He is informed that the line from Burdwan

to Raneegunge is not the real railway at all, but only a branch running to some important collieries, temporarily used by passengers till the main line is completed from Burdwan to Rajmahal. When this will be opened it is difficult to ascertain with any precision. The Sonthal insurrection of 1855, interfered greatly with the works in progress; but we believe it is hoped to see the railway finished to Benares in 1858. The part then to be completed will comprehend far the most difficult ground between Calcutta and the North-western Provinces. The easy line from Agra to Allahabad is already in progress. Good hopers will tell us that we shall take a ticket from Calcutta to Delhi in 1860.

We cannot tell how this may be, but of this we are as sure as we can be of any future event, that the existing generation of Anglo-Indians will travel by rail from Calcutta to Lahore. The oldest inhabitant of England

cannot appreciate the blessing contained in this anticipation. The worst he can recollect is a post-chaise; in India they are travelling in doolies still. Seven miles an hour is the worst relic which he can recall of a barbarous age; four is the golden maximum of palanquin possibilities.

Discomfort is hydra-headed, and will live forever; but our children's children, when they look at a decayed palanquin in a modern museum, may congratulate themselves that one of discomfort's most odious avatars expired when that detestable conveyance was superseded; he will bestow a thought of filial compassion on the sorrows of his ancestors as he glides in a first-class carriage from government to government, lazily looking out of the window at the quickly succeeding stations which marked the weekly stages of their slow progress to his benighted forefathers.

W. D. A.

DANDY PARTNERS.—“And Mr. Brettel, still blushing with the honors of having been the senior wrangler five years ago. Well, of all kinds of partners, preserve me from these college dandies.”

“Why,” asked Caroline, “do you except them particularly? Surely they are not more stupid, and they are more good for something, than other dandies.”

“But they are a great deal more affected. They pretend to careless talent, while always at home poring over their lexicons; they affect raptures about a new coat, like would-be Pelhams, while thinking all the while of cheapening an old cyclopaedia; they feign to be loungers, while they slave like miners; they have heads stuffed with Greek and the differ—something calculus (whatever that may be); but their tongues can talk nothing but twaddle.”

“The lawyer dandies,” rejoined Caroline, “are the worst of all. Their bottled-beer briskness, which they make to pass off for champagne wit, is very displeasing, after one has been dosed with it for a couple of nights. The military dandy is the best of all; he likes the fun and romance of life, and acts his part more naturally than his rivals.”

“No, Cary, the clerical dandy is still better. Beau Brummel did very well, but if he had turned parson he would have been quite bewitching!”

“Why, girl, what things you do say! You

don't mean to say that the beau would have become the pulpit better than the ballroom?”

“O, depend upon it, he would have been irresistible, and invented some new way of doing up old sermons, and stiffening into strength the platitudes of modern eloquence. He would have told the story of Ruth with an epigrammatic felicity that might have made pursy old dowagers think it was the last new novel spiritualized. The wave of his cambric handkerchief would have charmed many an antiquated spinster; he would have preached such nice, crisp, sharp, and pleasant sermons, flavored, perhaps, here and there with some Orientalism of style. O! he would have been the prophet of fashionable preaching. Why, Cary, do you suppose there is no foppery in the church, as in other professions?”

“I am quite sure that if there be—and no doubt there is some—that it is far more odious and contemptible than any other kind of foppery.”

“Be it so; but the foppish parsons for me against any other kind of fops. Their foppery, to me, is very amusing, for its comedy is thrown into high relief by the gravity of their profession. Talk of military fops, and their love of tailoring and fine clothes—what is it to the absurdity of one like our friend Parson Humphreys, who preaches salvation, and is only profoundly intent on his personal appearance?”

—*The Mildmayes.*

From Household Words.

LEFT, AND NEVER CALLED FOR.

I was once upon the deck of a packet bound for Rotterdam; the ropes that lashed her to the wharf had been slipped off, and the ropes with buffers (like an exaggerated species of that seaweed which you pop with your fingers) were already dropped to ease us off the wooden pier, when a young lady who stood near me clasped her hands, and exclaimed:

"O, sir, my box! The black one there! It is left behind!"

It was a large oblong ark with handles—a governess' beyond all doubt—through which could be seen, almost, the scanty wardrobe and the little wealth of books, as though its sides were glass.

"Stop her!" (meaning the ship) screamed I, indignantly.

"Move on a-head!" roared the captain.

"It's all I have in the world," sobbed the poor governess.

I ran up the iron ladder to those cross planks which are forbidden to passengers, and wherefrom the commander was giving forth those Mede and Persian orders which are echoed by the fiend beneath.

"Do you know this name, sir?" said I, fiercely, presenting him with my card.

"Yes," said he, rather subdued; "but you ain't—"

"No," said I, "I am not, but I am, hem?—a relation of his."

"Then, put her a-starn!" said he; and a-starn she was put accordingly, and the box was taken on board.

The head of the packet company's firm and I happened to enjoy the use of the same name, though I had not really the pleasure of his acquaintance. I think, however, as in the case of Uncle Toby's oath, that the ingenious device may be pardoned for the sake of the feeling which prompted it. I was determined that, even to the detriment of truth, the poor lady's box—the whole of her worldly goods, as she told me afterwards—should not be left behind.

I have purposely been sentimental thus far over luggage, to prevent these words awakening ridicule and absurd association. If mere things that have lost their owners excite our sympathy, how much more should living creatures—men, women, and children—who are cut off, forlorn, abandoned, and,

in two words, left behind! I consider that a dog in a strange city, who has lost his master, to be one of the most affecting spectacles in nature. How he threads the mighty throng, with his eager nose upon the pavement, or lifts his anxious eyes to the face of every passer-by, standing upon three legs, poor fellow, as if that should benefit him, giving utterance, from time to time, to a whine of desolation more expressive of abandonment and a breaking heart than whole cantos of morbid self-love; set upon by his own savage kind, saluted with a hundred kicks, flicked at by idle carmen, regarded feloniously by brutal dog-fanciers; but, indifferent to challenge, to ill-usage, to personal liberty, and even to the pangs of hunger, in that vain search of his for the beloved master by whom he has so carelessly been left and never called for. Happy for him will it be when his miserable existence shall have been cut short by wheel of 'bus or by edict of town council in the dog-days, when he becomes a portion for cats or an ingredient of sausages. My own profession and principles are those of a philanthropist, but—nay, therefore—if I had the power, and caught any man or boy who knew of the forlorn and piteous state of that poor brute, ill-using and tormenting it, I would hang him higher than Haman.

Shall I ever forget that agony of despair, that utter desolation, which I myself experienced during my first few days at a boarding-school—the first time I was left behind? When the shadow of my mother, as she bent over me for the last time, had been withdrawn; when the noise of the wheels which conveyed her home (home!) had died away; when the accents of my schoolmaster—as different from those in which he spoke two minutes back as a grating nutmeg from the fall of wine through a silver strainer—smote harshly upon my ears with—

"You had better join your new friends in the playground, sir!"

How all the memories of my happy childhood rushed through my little brain in that one moment; how dear seemed every kindness of which I had reaped so lightly, how gentle every hand whose pressure I had not cared to understand! How the smoothing of the pillow, and the soothing of the pain, came back to reproach me with ingratitude,

and the thousand pleasures of my young life to pierce me with regret! My new friends in the playground, I was pretty certain, were not concocting plans to insure my happiness, and those companions of my solitude did not belie my suspicions. How mockingly familiar they were in their inquiries after papa and mamma, how cynically interested about my little sister, how hypocritically sentimental upon the rheumatism which I told them my old nurse Mathison was suffering from in the left knee; and, when I had communicated every thing, with what a hearty good-will the biggest boy knocked me down, and the rest kicked me back when I attempted to get up again! This incident, so charming to the advocates of school discipline, and so illustrative of our educational moral training, made but little impression upon me, except physically, in bumps and bruises. I have thought much of this since, however, in my position of philanthropist, and whenever a similar case occurs I would hang—not the poor brutal boys, but their learned, and, perhaps, reverend preceptors, under whose rule such abominable instincts are let loose on helpless and unoffending objects. As I say, however, this was, in my case, rather a relief, for, having been hurt a good deal about the head, and bleeding a little from the mouth, I was carried up-stairs and put in dormitory at once—a long bare room with five white beds in it beside my own, clean as snow, and almost as comfortable. I just beheld it for an instant, and the uninteresting vision passed away. But, O! for that indifferent chamber over the saddle-room at home, where the old coachman slept, and my beloved playmate the knife-boy; and for one look of my unsympathized-with old nurse Mathison; and one tuck-up of my bed-clothes by her affectionate hands! Towards nearer and dearer than these my full heart did not dare to flutter, or, I verily believe, it would have burst upon its way; tears from the depths of some divine despair at last relieved me, and I revelled in what was, by contrast to the smothered passion, a luxury of grief. Robinson Crusoe—I made these parallels out of my stock of infant reading, but without deriving any consolation therefrom—Robinson Crusoe, when first cast ashore upon his island, enjoyed high spirits compared with mine, for he had not then, as I had, dis-

covered that he shared it with savages. Captain Bligh, cut adrift with his ship's biscuit and a bottle of rum, was, in his jolly-boat and amongst his companions, to be relatively envied. Philip Quarll—I was calling to mind the superior advantages of that recluse over myself when up came the school to bed. They ascended the carpetless stairs to their respective resting-places with about the same disturbance that the builders of Babel must have gone about erecting their last finished story with; and yet they were in their stockings only, for I heard a tremendous noise of kicking off shoes at the bottom flight, and the slippers, which each had been there furnished with, were merely used as weapons of offence and retaliation. Smacks like the report of pocket-pistols gave warning of the approach of my five companions, who were driven in by a superior force from the room opposite. They dipped the ends of their towels in jugs, however, and with these ingenious weapons at once repelled the enemy; moreover, a *Cavé*, or sentinel, was set at the door with a bolster, to guard against surprise, while the other four disrobed themselves for action. There was war declared, as it seemed, between our dormitory and the next, which was at once both a bold and a perfidious dormitory, hard to beat, and whom no treaty could bind; and we had an awful time of it. Often, in the dead of night, when sleep was knitting up the unravelled sleeve of care, has my pillow been abstracted, and myself half suffocated by repeated blows; often has water been poured upon me five hours before the usual time for performing the morning ablution; often have my limbs been deprived of blanket, sheet, and counterpane, at one fell swoop. The next room never slept. Our outposts in the Crimea was a joke to the life I led in those times. This first night, however, our candle having been immediately dowsed, or extinguished, by the invading force, my presence was, for some time, undiscovered. I lay with beating heart, motionless through fear and sorrow, until the moment should arrive when mutual animosity was to be buried—I expected it—in a common object of persecution. Not till the usher came to take away our candle, and brought a light of his own with him, was my being recognized by my companions. I can only compare their horrid exultation at

that moment to that which demons are said to testify at any unexpected accession to their party. They executed a *pas-de-cinq* at once, partly on the floor, but principally, and always three at a time, upon my body; they made of me an extempore battering-ram, stole softly out into the passage and knocked over the opposition *Cavé* with that astounding weapon; they—but it is enough to say that they behaved as only the real, good old, constitutional, pattern, Parliament-belauded British schoolboy, when he gets a forlorn victim to torment, and is in the enjoyment of good animal spirits, can behave. I have heard, indeed, that Caffres, when intoxicated and under the influence of hereditary revenge, are almost as cruel, but I don't believe it.

For my part, that first night at school has stood out for my life long a sublime memorial of wretchedness, compared with which all other possible miseries fade away and are not. Toil, poverty, exile, nay, sea-sickness itself, are trifles light as air when weighed against that. When I think of my natural sensitiveness at that time, and of my extreme youth, it is positively a wonder to me that I survived. After I had been sufficiently pounded, torn to pieces, trodden on, I was let fall somewhere, and molested no farther. Then it began to seem to me that I had been dropped ever so long ago out of heaven where my mother lived, and was never more to return to it again. There was indeed an appointed limit for the banishment, but it was so far off that it appeared almost nominal. I counted it, however, hour by hour: thirteen weeks, ninety-one days, two thousand one hundred and eighty-four hours, or one hundred and thirty-one thousand and forty minutes to the vacation. What had I done to deserve all this? I pondered. What good was to come of it? Would it not be better to die? And now I fell asleep, and dreamed the sweetest of dreams, about my sister Harriet and the pony; of haymaking in the fields at home and syllabub afterwards; of how, above all, I was never—never to leave home again; of my father bringing me a watch upon my birthday, and saying, with an affectionate smile—

"A quarter to seven, young gents, a quarter to seven."

Alas! I was awakened by the school butler saying this as he came to call us, as I

lay upon the bare boards, bruised and shivering, among strange cruel faces—left behind at school; and never, or as good as never, to be called for.

It was after I lost my seven thousand pounds in the rag and bone business, and was existing upon fifty pounds per annum, paid quarterly, that I revisited, after ten years' absence, the University of Oxford. I was on foot and weary at the end of this my second day's journey from London, and I sat down in a field upon the right of Bagley Wood, that looks down upon the town of towns. There was a gate close by, over which I remembered to have leaped my horse upon my last visit to this place. Three of my most intimate college friends were then with me—Travers of Trinity, Stuart of Brazenose, and Gory Gumps, which was what we all called Grindwell of Magdalen, but why we did so I had forgotten. Our conversation on that same day had been about our futures when we should have to leave this ancient place, whose high and noble associations had had less effect upon us, perhaps, than its genial influences. We knew then that we should one day regret that time of our hot youth when we walked in the ways of our heart and in the sight of our eyes, putting sorrow far away from us—when friends were many and foes were none, and all the months were May; but I, for my part, had never guessed how bitterly. I could never have looked forward—or I should, as a philanthropist, have elain myself—to this miserable hour, ten years away, when the beautiful river yonder, glittering in the sun, upon which I had so often passed the summer noons, should be as the waters of bitterness that came in even over my soul. I could see the green Christchurch meadows, and the thin dark stream of Cherwell, and that fair tall tower of Magdalen standing by the bridge; and the whole prospect mocked me with its beauty more than the mirage of the desert mocks the traveller. The water was there, truly, but I was never more to drink of it. I got up and walked towards Oxford with a weight at my heart—a physical weight, even as it seemed, heavier than that of the knapsack I carried on my shoulders. Two or three parties of young horsemen met or overtook me at full speed, covering me with mud from their horses' hoofs. Then I came

amongst the constitutionalists, the reading men, who go out walking for their health's sake; and when I had crossed the Isis, among those in cap and gown, it was like a perfect retrogression of my life ten years, except for some vague, frightful difference that I could not altogether lose sight of. Such of the conversation, even, as I caught of the passers-by was precisely such as I used to hold and hear myself; about the bump that should have been decided foul—of him that had been screwed at supper—of him that was a safe double-first. The great Christchurch clock pealed forth the quarter to our Magdalen dinner-hour as I passed its gateway. We three had ridden in upon that day I mentioned, exactly at this very time. Travers was now a member of parliament, of which we had always suspected him at the Union, where he had been very noisy; Stuart, who was always going up to town to dine with city companies, and who had brought us down on one occasion (it seemed yesterday) a white satin dinner carté to laugh at, composed entirely of French dishes, with the very appropriate motto at top of it of *Domine Dirige Nos*—Stuart, I saw by the newspapers, had been trying to be Mayor of Glasgow lately; Gory Gumps was a Fellow of my own college, Magdalen, I knew. It was to see him that I had come down to Oxford, uninvited; but now that I was there, my courage failed me. I had got visible woolen stockings on, a bad hat, a coat that had lost a button; still I was hungry, and I pressed up that street which might well be called the Beautiful, but which is named the High. I rang the Magdalen gate-bell, and the porter, the jolly old porter whom I knew so much better than he knew me, came out and stared superciliously.

"Is Gory—I mean is Mr. Grindwell in college?" said I, with a beating heart.

"Do you mean Mr. Grindwell, the dean?"

"No," answered I, hastily; "by no means—not the dean;" and I turned away. I could not quite stand that. Travers an M.P.—Stuart an Alderman—these were enough removed from me: but Gory Gumps a Dean! No, I felt that I was left behind, too far for recognition.

When my family, who suffered also very severely in the rag and bone failure, had

made up their minds to emigrate in a body, I, as a philanthropist, refused to deprive this country of my saving presence, and still remained in England. I went down to Liverpool to see my people off, as the saying is. It was a sad sight truly. My mother, indeed—she for whom my little heart had yearned so when at school—was left behind in that green churchyard in the south which she had always wished to be her final resting-place; but, there was my father to take leave of—gray-haired and aged—and that beloved old Dame Mathison, whose rheumatism in the left knee had long become chronic, but who nevertheless would not be parted from my dear sister Harriet. She thought, kind soul, that she should be able to defend and watch over her, better even than her husband, who was a true brother to me as he was a son to my father. Two of these four friends of mine I could never, in the course of nature, hope to see again: the other two would certainly be separated from me for long years—perhaps for life. That inquisitive portion of our interiors which will rise up into our throats when we are saying good-bye to those we love, would, I thought, have suffocated me. Reflect, O! happy ones, unseparated at home, what a thing it is to be parted from parent, from sister, from all; not by death—for before him, perforce, the whole human race must bow submissive—but by poverty, which carries off by a sort of premature death so many into exile every year—a new strange land awaiting those who go, and an old land that has become strange through the exiles' absence awaiting those who stay.

Be not extortionate, O cabman! upon the quay; that extra sixpence which you have pillaged from the old man's scanty purse, you will be glad, if it were possible, to restore a hundred-fold—to atone for with all you have. Gently, official, gently, as it is only a question of a minute. Let the girl hang round her brother's neck a little longer, and thrust him not aside; it will be better for you, very surely. Not that the old man, nor his child, nor I, have a thought now for injustice or for insult; our eyes are blinded, our poor hearts are crushed. Never so near as when we part, is a true saying. "Good-bye," "God be with you," and once more, "Good-bye." I am hurried from the deck of the vessel by a weeping crowd, and can

stand only at the edge of the quay, no nearer to those four who are waving their pocket-handkerchiefs ever again. It is a cold misty morning, and the small rain is falling steadily; but I see them plainly, yet. The huge packet is cast off; the first half-turn of those enormous paddles, which must ceaselessly revolve for so many thousand miles, is made; the people on the shore begin a sort of choking cheer, and those on board reply to it a

little more sturdily. The ship forges ahead; the band strikes up a melody that is dear to those four and me, and which makes our tears flow freely. I see their waving handkerchiefs once more—or I think I see them—and then over the sad waters into the misty day the vessel speeds, and the fog closes slowly over it. I stand upon the wet dock, gazing mournfully alone, and Left Behind!

A NEW DIAMOND.—Two French chemists, Messrs. Wohler and Deville, have succeeded in crystalizing the well-known substance boron, which has hitherto been known only as a greenish-brown powder, or in combination with an acid, and they submitted specimens of the crystals to the Academy of Sciences a few days ago. These crystals possess a brilliancy and refractive power which nothing equals but the diamond, and they rival even that in hardness, being capable of scratching corundum, which, next to diamond, is the hardest substance known. The specimens yet obtained are very small, and have a shade of red or yellow, but the color is believed to be accidental, and they hope that further experiments will enable them to procure it colorless. Boron agrees with silicon in many of its properties, and is considered as intermediate between it and carbon. This discovery may soon put us in possession of a factitious diamond which the most experienced eye will be unable to distinguish from the genuine.—*Scotsman*.

A USEFUL MEMORIAL.—A correspondent of the "Allgemeine Zeitung" proposes (in writing on the subject of the monument to be erected to Louis, the ex-king of Bavaria) that the funds should not be expended in the trite and ordinary way of such matters, on a group or statue in marble or bronze, but that a committee should be appointed to choose, at some distance from Munich, among the hills, a spring from which a plentiful supply of pure, cold, and fresh water could be obtained, and, after the fashion of the old Romans, to conduct it by means of aqueducts, on arches, to the capital. Parishes, towns, communities, and individuals, says the writer, might erect one or more arches, according to the rate of their subscriptions towards the monument.

MONEY REMITTANCES BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—To afford facility to the public for the rapid remittance of sums of money, the Electric and International Telegraph Company have organized a branch of their establishment for that purpose. Money deposited with the company will be advised by telegraphic order, and be

paid out to the parties named in the order, in accordance with the conditions printed on the company's forms. The towns between which these remittances can now be made are: "From London to Liverpool, Manchester, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; from Birmingham, Bristol, Dublin, Edinburgh, Exeter, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sunderland, and York, to London.—By order, J. S. Fourdrinier, Secretary." Thus, by a sort of natural necessity, the new "Mercury," the swift "Messenger," while he holds in one hand the magical transporting wand, in the other grasps the purse. These money remittances by telegraph are, doubtless, the beginnings of a great system which is likely to supersede post-office remittances,—we trust with safety equal to its swiftness.—*Builder*.

ENGLISH politeness is patronizing; French politeness is flattering. The Englishman is proud, trying in his politeness to assert a superiority; the Frenchman, vain and indifferent to sincerity, is content if he can secure your approbation. * * * *

Scotch politeness is servile. Irish politeness familiar, and not unfrequently impertinent. German politeness is rather old-fashioned, but warm-hearted, meditative, and honest. English politeness is frequently abrupt—often insolent—nearly always arrogant: it is displayed reluctantly, and shown grudgingly.

An English lady receives your homage with a self-conscious exaction; a French lady with a gratitude as of humility. The one seems as if she had determined to enforce what she has so much difficulty in obtaining; the other, as if she had never before received a compliment, and was at once pleased and astonished.

A Frenchman seems gratified at an opportunity of being polite; an Englishman to regret the trouble that it costs him. An Englishman grows tired after the third bow, and looks vexed, sullen, or impatient; the Frenchman's desire to please seems to strengthen by habit.

—*Thornbury's Art and Nature*.

From The Journal of Missions.

RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

TRANSLATION OF A PIECE COMPOSED BY A
NATIVE.

QUICK over the ground, with a rumbling sound,
The machine ship rushes fast;
Its wheels 'scape the eyes; it is wingless, yet
flies

Right straight in the teeth of the blast.
All the boys in the town run to see it pass
down,

The half-cooked rice is all black;
At the noise how they run, boys and girls every
one!

And the house-work goes to wrack.
Their children are thrust all into the dust,
Their hair is all unbound.

"It is come! It is come!" and who'll stop at
home

As the word in the house goes around?
See the smoke arise; like the wind it flies;

Yet windless it runs alone;
Men of eighty and all, grasp their sticks and
crawl

To look; but the car is flown!
In the road there's a gate, and a porter whose
state

Is increased by his turban red;
With white flag in hand, he's exceedingly
grand,

And the children skulk in dread.
'Tis the Company's reign, and o'er India's
plain,

A wondrous vessel sails;
Run, run, and behold the Sahib's wisdom
untold!

He has made a road of rails!

AMY'S CRUELTY.

"FAIR Amy of the terraced house,
Assist me to discover
Why you, who would not hurt a mouse,
Can torture so your lover.

"You give your coffee to the cat,
You stroke the dog for coming,
And all your face grows kinder at
The little brown bee's humming.

"But when *he* haunts your door (the town
Marks coming and marks going),
You seem to have stitched your eyelids down
To that long piece of sewing.

"You never give a look—not you,
Nor drop him a good-morning,
To keep his long day warm and blue,
So fretted by your scorning."

She shook her head. "The mouse and bee
For crumb or flower will linger;
The dog is happy at my knee,
The cat purrs at my finger

"But *he*,—to *him* the least thing given
Means great things at a distance!
He wants my world, my sun, my heaven,
Soul, body, whole existence.

"They say, Love gives as well as takes;
But I'm a simple maiden,
My mother's first smile, when she wakes,
I still have smiled and prayed in.

"I only know my mother's love,
Which gives all and asks nothing;
And this new loving sets the groove
Too much the way of loathing.

"Unless he give me all in change,
I forfeit all things by him.
The risk is terrible and strange—
I tremble, doubt, deny him.

"He's sweetest friend, or hardest foe;
Best angel, or worst devil;
I either hate, or—love him so,
I can't be merely civil.

"You trust a woman who puts forth
Her blossoms thick as summer's?
You think she dreams what love is worth,
Who casts it to new-comers?

"Such love's a cowslip-ball to fling,
A moment's pretty pastime.
I give—myself, if any thing,
The first time and the last time.

"And, neighbor of the trellised house,
A man should murmur never,
Though treated worse than dog or mouse,
Till doted on forever."—*Mrs. Browning.*

NABODY'S BAIRN.

SHE was Nabody's Bairn, she was Nabody's
Bairn,
She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to
learn,

Afore a kind word or look she could earn,
For nabody cared about Nabody's Bairn.

Tho' faithier or mither ne'er own'd her aye,
Tho' rear'd by the fremmit for fee unco sma',
She grew in the shade like a young lady-fern;
For Nature was bounteous to Nabody's Bairn.

Tho' torted by some, and tho' lightlied by mair,
She never compleen'd, tho' her young heart
was sair;

And warm virgin tears, that might melted
cauld airn,

Whiles glist in the blue ee o' Nabody's Bairn.
—*Poems by James Ballantyne.*

DEVONSHIRE.

THE west wind always brings wet weather,
The east wind wet and cold together,
The south wind surely brings us rain,
The north wind blows it back again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A DIPLOMATIST'S DINNER.

WERE we writing a drama, instead of a true history, we might like to linger for a few moments on the leave-taking between the Princess and Sir Horace Upton. They were, indeed, both consummate "artists," and they played their parts to perfection—not as we see high comedy performed on the stage, by those who grotesque its refinements and exaggerate its dignity; "striving to storm" the calm and placid lake, all whose convulsive throes are many a fathom deep, and whose wildest workings never brought a ripple on the surface. No, theirs was the true version of well-bred "performance." A little well-affected grief at separation, brief as it was meant to be—a little half-expressed surprise on the lady's part, at the suddenness of the departure—a little, just as vaguely conveyed, complaint on the other side, over the severe requirements of duty, and a very little tenderness—for there was no one to witness it—at the thought of parting; and with a kiss upon her hand, whose respectful courtesy no knight errant of old could have surpassed, Sir Horace backed from "the presence," sighed, and slipped away.

Had our reader been a spectator, instead of a peruser, of the events we have lately detailed, he might have fancied from certain small asperities of manner, certain quicknesses of reproof and readiness at rejoinder, that here were two people only waiting for a reasonable and decent pretext to go on their separate roads in life. Yet nothing of this kind was the case; the bond between them was not affection—it was simply convenience. Their partnership gave them a strength and a social solvency which would have been sorely damaged had either retired from "the firm;" and they knew it.

What would the Princess's dinners have been, without the polished ease of him who felt himself half the host? What would all Sir Horace Upton's subtlety avail him, if it were not that he had sources of information which always laid open the game of his adversaries? Singly, each would have had a tough struggle with the world—together, they were more than a match for it.

The highest order of diplomatist, in the estimation of Upton, was the man who at once knew what was possible to be done. It was his own peculiar quality to possess this gift; but, great as his natural acuteness was, it would not have availed him, without those secret springs of intelligence we have alluded to. There is no saying to what limit he might not have carried this faculty, had it not been that one deteriorating and

detracting feature marred and disfigured the fairest form of his mind.

He could not, do all that he would, disabuse himself of the very meanest estimate of men and their motives. He did not slide into this philosophy, as certain indolent people do, just to save them the trouble of discriminating—he did not acquire it by the hard teachings of adversity. No, it came upon him slowly and gradually, the fruit, as he believed, of calm judgment and much reflection upon life. As little did he accept it willingly; he even labored against the conviction, but strive as he might, there it was, and there it would remain.

His fixed impression was, that in every circumstance and event in life there was always a "*dessous des cartes*"—a deeper game concealed beneath the surface—and that it was a mere question of skill and address how much of this penetrated through men's actions. If this theory unravelled many a tangled web of knavery to him, it also served to embarrass and confuse him in situations where inferior minds had never recognized a difficulty. How much ingenuity did he expend to detect what had no existence! How wearily did he try for soundings where there was no bottom!

Through the means of the Princess he had learned what some very wise heads do not yet like to acknowledge, that the feeling of the despotic governments towards England was very different from what it had been at the close of the great war with Napoleon. They had grown more dominant and exacting, just as we were becoming every hour more democratic. To maintain our old relations with them, therefore, on the old footing, would be only to involve ourselves in continual difficulty, with a certainty of final failure; and the only policy that remained was to encourage the growth of liberal opinions on the Continent, out of which new alliances might be formed, to recompense us for the loss of the old ones. There is a story told of a certain benevolent prince, whose resources were unhappily not commensurate with his good intentions, and whose ragged retinue wearied him with entreaties for assistance. "Be of good cheer," said he, one day, "I have ordered a field of flax to be sown, and you shall all of you have new shirts." Such were pretty much the position and policy of England. Out of our crop of Conservatism we speculated on a rich harvest, to be afterwards manufactured for our use and benefit. We leave it to deeper heads to say if the result has been all that we calculated on, and, asking pardon for such digression, we join Sir Horace once more.

When Sir Horace Upton ordered post

horses to his carriage, he no more knew where he was going, nor where he would halt, than he could have anticipated what course any conversation might take when once started. He had, to be sure, a certain ideal goal to be reached; but he was one of those men who like to think that the casual interruptions one meets with in life are less obstruction than opportunity; so that, instead of deeming these subjects for regret or impatience, he often accepted them as indications that there was some profit to be derived from them—a kind of fatalism more common than is generally believed. When he set out for Sorrento it was with the intention of going direct to Massa; not that this State lay within the limits his functions ascribed to him—that being probably the very fact which imparted a zest to the journey. Any other man would have addressed himself to his colleague in Tuscany, or wherever it might be; while he, being Sir Horace Upton, took the whole business upon himself in his own way. Young Massy's case opened to his eyes a great question, viz., what was the position the Austrians assumed to take in Italy? For any care about the youth, or any sympathy with his sufferings, he distressed himself little; not that he was in any respect heartless or unfeeling, it was simply that greater interests were before him. Here was one of those "grand issues" that he felt worthy of his abilities—it was a cause where he was proud to hold a brief.

Resolving all his plans of action methodically yet rapidly; arranging every detail in his own mind, even to the use of certain expression she was to employ; he arrived at the palace of the embassy, where he desired to halt to take up his letters and make a few preparations before his departure. His *Maestro di Casa*, Signor Franchetti, was in waiting for his arrival, and respectfully assured him "that all was in readiness, and that his Excellency would be perfectly satisfied. We had, it is true," continued he, "a difficulty about the fish, but I sent off an express to Baia and we have secured a sturgeon."

"What are you raving about, Caro Pipo?" said the minister; "what is all this long story of Baia and the fish?"

"Has your Excellency forgotten that we have a grand dinner to-day, at eight o'clock; that the Prince Maximilian of Bavaria and all the foreign ambassadors are invited?"

"Is this Saturday, Pipo?" said Sir Horace, blandly.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Send Mr. Brockett to me," said Sir Horace, as he slowly mounted the stairs to his own apartment.

Sir Horace was stretched on a sofa, in all the easy luxury of magnificent dressing-gown and slippers, when Mr. Brockett entered; and without any preliminary of greeting he said, with a quiet laugh, "You have let me forget all about the dinner to-day, Brockett!"

"I thought you knew it; you took great trouble about the persons to be asked, and you canvassed whether the Duc de Borodino, being only a *Chargé d'affaires*—"

"There, there; don't you see the—inappropriateness of what you are doing—even in England a man is not asked to criminate himself. How many are coming?"

"Nineteen; the 'Nonce' is ill, and has sent an apology."

"Then the party can be eighteen, Brockett; you must tell them that I'm ill, too ill to come to dinner. I know the Prince Max very well; he'll not take it badly, and as to Cinnasetti, we shall see what humor he is in!"

"But they'll know that you arrived here this afternoon; they'll naturally suppose—"

"They'll naturally suppose—if people ever do any thing so intensely stupid as naturally to suppose any thing—that I am the best judge of my own health; and so, Mr. Brockett, you may as well con over the terms by which you may best acquaint the company with the reasons for my absence; and if the Prince proposes a visit to me in the evening, let him come; he'll find me with a blister on the temple. Would you do me the kindness to let Antinori fetch his cupping glasses, and tell Franchetti also that I'll take my chicken grilled, not roasted. I'll look over the treaty in the evening. One mushroom, only one, he may give me, and the Carlsbad water, at 28 degrees. I'm very troublesome, Brockett, but I'm sure you'll excuse it; thanks, thanks"—and he pressed the Secretary's hand, and gave him a smile, whose blandishment had often done good service, and would do so again!

To almost any other man in the world this interruption to his journey—this sudden tidings of a formally arranged dinner, which he could not or would not attend—would have proved a source of chagrin and dissatisfaction. Not so with Upton; he liked a "contrariety." Whatever stirred the still waters of life, even though it should be a head wind, was far more grateful than a calm! He laughed to himself at the various comments his company were sure to pass over his conduct; he pictured to his mind the anger of some and the astonishment of others, and revelled in the thought of the courtier-like indignation such treatment of a Royal Highness was certain to elicit.

But who can answer for his health? said he, with an easy laugh to himself. Who can promise what he may be ten days hence? The appearance of his dinner—if one may dignify by such a name the half of a chicken, flanked by a roasted apple and a biscuit—cut short his lucubrations; and Sir Horace ate and sipped his Carlsbad, and dropped his tinctures into this, and his powders into that, and sighed to himself over the narrow resources of a *Pharmacopœia*, which had nothing more disgusting than aloes, or more offensive than *assafetida*!

"Are they arrived, Pipo?" said he, as his servant removed the dessert of two figs and a lime.

"Yes, your Excellency, they are at table."

"How many are there?"

"Seventeen, Sir, and Mr. Brockett."

"Did the Prince seem to—to feel my absence, Pipo?"

"I thought he appeared much moved for your Excellency when Mr. Brockett spoke to him, and he whispered something to the aide-de-camp beside him."

"And the others; how did they take it?"

"Count Tarrocco said he'd retire, Sir; that he could not dine where the host was too ill to receive him; but the Duc de Campo Stritto said it was impossible they could leave the room while an 'Altesse' continued to remain in it, and they all agreed with him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Upton in a low tone. "I hope the dinner is a good one?"

"It is exquisite, sir; the Prince ate some of the caviare soup, and was asking a second time for the 'pain des ortolans' when I left the room."

"And the wine, Pipo; have you given them that rare 'La rage'?"

"Yes, your Excellency, and the 'klaus thatter cabinet;' his Royal Highness asked for it."

"Go back, then, now. I want for nothing more; only drop in here by and by, and tell me how all goes on. Just light that pastille before you go; there—that will do."

And once more his Excellency was left to himself. In that vast palace—the once home of a Royal Prince—no sounds of the distant revelry could reach the remote quarter where he sat, and all was silent and still around him, and Upton was free to ruminate and reflect at ease. There was a sense of insolent triumph in thinking that beneath his roof, at that very moment, were assembled the great representatives of almost every important State of Europe, to whom he had not deigned to accord the honor of

his presence; but though this thought did flit across his mind, far more was he intent on reflecting what might be the consequences—good or evil—of the incident. "And then," said he, aloud, "how will Printing House Square treat us? What a fulminating leader shall we not have, denouncing either our insolence or our incompetence, ending with the words, 'If, then, Sir Horace Upton be not incapacitated from illness for the discharge of his high functions, it is full time for his government to withdraw him from a sphere where his caprice and impertinence have rendered him something worse than useless;' and then will come a flood of petty corroborations—the tourist tribe who heard of us at Berlin, or called upon us at the Hague, and whose unreturned cards and uninvited wives are counts in the long indictment against us. What a sure road to private friendships is diplomacy! How certain is one of conciliating the world's good opinion by belonging to it! I wish I had followed the law, or medicine," muttered he, "they are both abstruse, both interesting; or been a gardener, or a shipwright, or a mathematical instrument maker, or"—whatever the next choice might have been we know not, for he dropped off asleep.

From that pleasant slumber, and a dream of Heaven knows what life of Arcadian simplicity, of rippling streams, and soft-eyed shepherdesses, he was destined to be somewhat suddenly if not rudely aroused, as Franchetti introduced a stranger who would accept no denial.

"Your people were not for letting me up, Upton," cried a rich mellow voice, and Harcourt stood before him, bronzed and weather-beaten, as he came off his journey.

"You! George? Is it possible?" exclaimed Sir Horace, "what best of all lucky winds has driven you here? I'm not sure I wasn't dreaming of you this very moment. I know I have had a vision of angelic innocence and simplicity, which you must have had your part in; but do tell me when did you arrive and whence——?"

"Not till I have dined, by Jove; I have tasted nothing since daybreak, and then it was only a mere apology for a breakfast."

"Franchetti, get something, will you?" said Upton languidly, "a cutlet, a fowl, any thing that can be had at once."

"Nothing of the kind, Signor Franchetti," interposed Harcourt: "if I have a wolf's appetite, I have a man's patience! Let me have a real dinner, soup, fish, an entree—two if you like—roast beef, and I leave the wind-up to your own discretion, only premising that I like game, and have a weakness for woodcocks. By the way, does this climate suit Bourdeaux, Upton?"

"They tell me so, and mine has a good reputation."

"Then claret be it, and no other wine; don't I make myself at home, old fellow, eh?" said he, clapping Upton on the shoulder. "Have I not taken his Majesty's Embassy by storm, eh?"

"We surrender at discretion, only too glad to receive our vanquisher. Well, and how do you find me looking? Be candid, how do I seem to your eyes?"

"Pretty much as I have seen you these last fifteen years, not an hour older, at all events! That same delicacy of constitution is a confounded deal better than most men's strong health, for it never wears out; but I, ave always said it, Upton will see us all down!"

Sir Horace sighed as though this were too pleasant to be true. "Well," said he, at last, "but you have not told me what good chance has brought you here. Is it the first post-station on the way to India?"

"No; they've taken me off the saddle, and given me a staff appointment at Corfu. I'm going out second in command there, and whether it was to prevent my teasing them for something else, or that there was really some urgency in the matter, they ordered me off at once."

"Are they reinforcing the garrison there?" asked Upton.

"No; not so far as I have heard."

"It were better policy to do so, than to send out a commander-in-chief, and a drummer of great experience," muttered Upton to himself, but Harcourt could not catch the remark. "Have you any news stirring in England? What do the Clubs talk about?" asked Sir Horace.

"Glencore's business occupied them for the last week or so; now, I think, it is yourself furnishes the chief topic for speculation."

"What of me?" asked Upton eagerly.

"Why, the rumor goes that you are to have the Foreign Office; Adderley, they say, goes out, and Conway and yourself are the favorites, the odds being slightly on his side."

"This is all news to me, George," said Upton, with a degree of animation that had nothing fictitious about it. "I have had a note from Adderley in the last bag, and there's not a word about these changes."

"Possibly, but perhaps my news is later; what I allude to is said to have occurred the day I started."

"Ah, very true, and now I remember that the messenger came round by Vienna, sent there by Adderley, doubtless," muttered he, "to consult Conway before seeing me, and I

have little doubt with a letter for me in the event of Conway declining."

"Well, have you hit upon the solution of it?" said Harcourt, who had not followed him through his half-uttered observation.

"Perhaps so," said Upton slowly, while he leaned his head upon his hand and fell into a fit of meditation; meanwhile Harcourt's dinner made its appearance, and the colonel seated himself at the table with a traveller's appetite.

"Whenever any one has called you a selfish fellow, Upton," said he, as he helped himself twice from the same dish, "I have always denied it, and on this good ground, that had you been so, you had never kept the best cook in Europe, while unable to enjoy his talents. What a rare artist must this be—what's his name?"

"Pipo, how is he called?" said Upton, languidly.

"Monsieur Carnael, your Excellency."

"Ah, to be sure, a person of excellent family; I've been told he's from Provence," said Upton, in the same wearied drawl.

"I could have sworn to his birth-place," cried Harcourt, "no man can manage cheese and olives in cookery but a Provençal. Ah! what a glass of Bourdeaux! To your good health, Upton, and the day that you may be able to enjoy this as I do," said he, as he tossed off a bumper.

"It does me good even to witness the pleasure it yields," said Upton, blandly.

"By Jove, then, I'll be worth a whole course of tonics to you, for I most thoroughly appreciate all the good things you have given me. By the way, how are you off for dinner company here—any pleasant people?"

"I have no health for pleasant people, my dear Harcourt; like horse exercise, they only agree with you when you are strong enough not to require them."

"Then, what have you got?" asked the Colonel, somewhat abashed.

"Princes, generals, envoys, and heads of departments."

"Good heavens! legions of honor and golden fleeces."

"Just so," said Upton, smiling at the dismay in the other's countenance; "I've had such a party as you describe to-day. Are they gone yet, Franchetti?"

"They're at coffee, your Excellency, but the Prince has ordered his carriage."

"And you did not go near them?" asked Harcourt, in amazement.

"No; I was poorly, as you see me," said Upton, smiling. "Pipo tells me, however, that the dinner was a good one; and, I am sure, they pardon my absence."

"Foreign ease, I've no doubt; though I can't say I like it," muttered Harcourt. "At all events it is not for *me* to complain, since the accident has given me the pleasure of your society."

"You are about the only man I could have admitted," said Upton, with a certain graciousness of look and manner that, perhaps, detracted a little from its sincerity.

Fortunately, not so to Harcourt's eyes, for he accepted the speech in all honesty and good faith, as he said, "Thank you, heartily, my boy. The welcome is better even than the dinner, and that is saying a good deal. No more wine, thank you; I'm going to have a cigar, and with your leave I'll ask for some brandy and water."

This was addressed to Franchetti, who speedily reappeared with a liqueur stand and an ebony cigar case.

"Try these, George; they're better than your own," said Upton, drily.

"That I will," cried Harcourt, laughing; "I'm determined to draw all my resources from the country in occupation, especially as they are superior to what I can obtain from home. This same career of yours, Upton, strikes me as rather a good thing. You have all these things duty free."

"Yes, we have that privilege," said Upton, sighing.

"And the privilege of drawing some few thousand pounds per annum, paid messengers to and from England, secret service money, and the rest of it, eh?"

Upton smiled, and sighed again.

"And what do you do for all that—I mean, what are you expected to do?"

"Keep your party in when they are in—disconcert the enemy when your friends are out."

"And is that always a safe game?" asked Harcourt, eagerly.

"Not when played by unskilful players, my dear George. They occasionally make sad work, and get bowled out themselves for their pains; but there's no great harm in that neither."

"How do you mean there's no harm in it?"

"Simply, that if a man can't keep his saddle he oughtn't to try to ride foremost; but these speculations will only puzzle you, my dear Harcourt. What of Glencore? You said awhile ago that the town was talking of him—how and wherefore was it?"

"Haven't you heard the story, then?"

"Not a word of it."

"Well, I'm a bad narrator; besides, I don't know where to begin, and even if I did, I have nothing to tell but the odds and ends of club gossip, for I conclude nobody knows all the facts but the King himself."

"If I were given to impatience, George, you would be a most consummate plague to me," said Upton, "but I'm not. Go on, however, in your blundering way, and leave me to glean what I can *in mine*."

Cheered and encouraged by this flattering speech, Harcourt did begin; but, more courteous to him than Sir Horace, we mean to accord him a new chapter for his revelations; premising the while to our reader that the Colonel, like the knife-grinder, had really "no story to tell."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A VERY BROKEN NARRATIVE.

"You want to hear all about Glencore?" said Harcourt, as, seated in the easiest of attitudes in an easy chair, he puffed his cigar luxuriously; "and when I have told you all I know, the chances are you'll be little the wiser." Upton smiled a bland assent to this exordium, but in such a way as to make Harcourt feel less at ease than before.

"I mean," said the Colonel, "that I have little to offer you beyond the guesses and surmises of club talk. It will be for your own intelligence to penetrate through the obscurity afterwards. You understand me?"

"I believe I understand you," said Upton, slowly, and with the same quiet smile. Now this cold, semi-sarcastic manner of Upton was the one sole thing in the world which the honest Colonel could not stand up against; he always felt as though it were the prelude to something cutting or offensive—some sly impertinence that he could not detect till too late to resent—some insinuation that might give the point to a whole conversation, and yet be undiscovered by him till the day following. Little as Harcourt was given to wronging his neighbor, he, in this instance, was palpably unjust; Upton's manner being nothing more than the impress made upon a very subtle man by qualities very unlike any of his own, and which in their newness amused him. The very look of satire was as often an expression of sorrow and regret, that he could not be as susceptible, as easy of deception, as those about him. Let us pardon our worthy Colonel if he did not comprehend this; shrewder heads than his own have made the same mistake. Half to resent this covert slyness, half to arouse himself to any conflict before him, he said in a tone of determination, "It is only fair to tell you that you are yourself to blame for any thing that may have befallen poor Glencore."

"I to blame? Why, my dear Harcourt, you are surely dreaming."

"As wide awake as ever I was. If it had

not been for a blunder of yours—an unpardonable blunder, seeing what has become of it—sending a pack of trash to me about salt and sulphur, while you forwarded a private letter about Glencore to the Foreign Office, all this might not have happened.”

“I remember that it was a most disagreeable mistake. I have paid heavily for it, too. That lotion for the cervical vertebra has come back all torn, and we cannot make out whether it be a phosphate or a protoxide of bismuth. You don’t happen to remember?”

“I?—of course I know nothing about it. I’d as soon have taken a porcupine for a pillow as I’d have adventured on the confounded mixture. But, as I was saying, that blessed letter, written by some princess or other, as I understand, fell into the King’s hands, and the consequence was that he sent off immediately to Glencore an order to go down to him at Brighton. Naturally enough, I thought he’d not go; he had the good and sufficient pretext of his bad health to excuse him. Nobody had seen him abroad in the world for years back, and it was easy enough to say that he could not bear the journey. Nothing of the kind; he received the command as willingly as he might have done an invitation to dinner fifteen years ago, and talked of nothing else for the whole evening after but of his old days and nights in Carlton House; how gracious the Prince used to be to him formerly; how constantly he was a guest at his table; what a brilliant society it was; how full of wit and the rest of it, till, by Jove, what between drinking more wine than he was accustomed to take, and the excitement of his own talking, he became quite wild and unmanageable; he was not drunk nor any thing like it, it was rather the state of a man whose mind had got some sudden shock; for, in the midst of perfectly rational conversation, he would fall into paroxysms of violent passion, inveighing against every one, and declaring that he never had possessed one true-hearted honest friend in his life.

“It was not without great difficulty that I got him back to my lodgings, for we had gone to dine at Richmond. Then we put him to bed, and I sent for Hunter, who came on the instant. Though by this time Glencore was much more calm and composed, Hunter called the case brain fever; had his hair cut quite close, and ice applied to the head. Without any knowledge of his history or even of his name, Hunter pronounced him to be a man whose intellect had received some terrible shock, and that the present was simply an acute attack of a long-existent malady.”

“Did he use any irritants?” asked Upton, anxiously.

“No; he advised nothing but the cold during the night.”

“Ah! what a mistake,” sighed Upton, heavily. “It was precisely the case for the cervical lotion I was speaking of. Of course he was much worse next morning?”

“That he was; not as regarded his reason, however, for he could talk collectedly enough, but he was irritable and passionate to a degree scarcely credible; would not endure the slightest opposition, and so suspicious of everything and everybody, that if he overheard a whisper it threw him into a convulsion of anger. Hunter’s opinion was evidently a gloomy one, and he said to me as we went down stairs, ‘He may come through it with life, but scarcely with a sound intellect.’ This was a heavy blow to me, for I could not entirely acquit myself of the fault of having counselled this visit to Brighton, which I now perceived had made such a deep impression upon him. I roused myself, however, to meet the emergency, and walked down to St. James’ to obtain some means of letting the King know that Glencore was too ill to keep his appointment. Fortunately, I met Knighton, who was just setting off to Brighton, and who promised to take charge of the commission. I then strolled over to Brooke’s to see the morning papers, and lounged till about four o’clock, when I turned homeward.

“Gloomy and sad I was as I reached my door, and rang the bell with a cautious hand. They did not hear the summons, and I was forced to ring again, when the door was opened by my servant, who stood pale and trembling before me. ‘He’s gone, sir—he’s gone,’ cried he, almost sobbing.

“‘Good heaven,’ cried I. ‘Dead?’

“‘No, sir, gone away—driven off, no one knows where. I had just gone out to the chemist’s, and was obliged to call round at Doctor Hunter’s about a word in the prescription they couldn’t read, and when I came back he was away.’

“I then ascertained that the carriage, which had been ordered the day before at a particular hour, and which we had forgotten to countermand, had arrived during my servant’s absence. Glencore, hearing it stop at the door, inquired whose it was, and as suddenly springing out of bed, proceeded to dress himself, which he did, in the suit he had ordered to wait on the King. So apparently reasonable was he in all he said, and such an air of purpose did he assume, that the nurse-tender averred she could not dare to interpose, believing that his attack might possibly be some sort of passing access that he was accustomed to, and knew best how to deal with.

“I did not lose a moment, but, ordering

post-horses, pursued him with all speed. On reaching Croydon, I heard he had passed about two hours before; but, though I did my best, it was in vain. I arrived at Brighton late at night, only to learn that a gentleman had got out at the Pavilion, and had not left it since.

"I do not believe that all I have ever suffered in my life equalled what I went through in the two weary hours that I passed walking up and down outside that low paling that skirts the Palace garden. The poor fellow, in all his misery, came before me in so many shapes; sometimes wandering in intellect—sometimes awake and conscious of his sufferings—now trying to comport himself as became the presence he was in—now reckless of all the world and everything. What could have happened to detain him so long—what had been the course of events since he passed that threshold, were questions that again and again crossed me.

"I tried to make my way in—I know not exactly what I meant to do afterwards—but the sentries refused me admittance. I thought of scaling the inclosure, and reaching the palace through the garden, but the police kept strict watch on every side. At last it was nigh twelve o'clock, that I heard a sentry challenge some one, and shortly after, a figure passed out and walked towards the pier. I followed, determined to make inquiry, no matter of whom. He walked so rapidly, however, that I was forced to run to overtake him. This attracted his notice; he turned hastily, and by the straggling moonlight I recognized Glencore.

"He stood for a moment still, and beckoning me towards him, he took my arm in silence, and we walked onward in the direction of the seashore. It was now a wild and gusty night. The clouds drifted fast, shutting out the moon at intervals, and the sea broke harshly along the strand.

"I cannot tell you the rush of strange and painful emotions which came upon me as I thus walked along, while not a word passed between us. As for myself, I felt that the slightest word from me might, perhaps, change the whole current of his thoughts, and thus destroy my only chance of any clue to what was passing within him. 'Are you cold?' said he, at length, feeling possibly a slight tremor in my arm. 'Not cold, exactly,' said I, 'but the night is fresh, and I half suspect too fresh for you.'—'Feel that,' said he, placing his hand in mine, and it was burning. 'The breeze that comes off the sea is grateful to me, for I am like one on fire.'—Then, I am certain, my dear Glencore," said I, 'that this is a great imprudence. Let us turn back towards the inn.'

"He made no reply, but with a rough motion of his arm moved forward as before. 'Three hours and more,' said he, with a full and stern utterance, 'they kept me waiting. There were ministers with the King. There was some foreign envoy, too, to be presented, and if I had not gone in alone and unannounced, I might still be in the ante-chamber. How he stared at me, Harcourt, and my close-cropt hair. It was *that* seemed first to strike him, as he said, 'Have you had an illness lately?' He looked poorly, too, bloated and pale, and like one who fretted, and I told him so. We are both changed, sir, said I—sadly changed since we met last. We might almost begin to hope that another change is not far off,—the last and the best one. I don't remember what he answered. It was, I think, something about who came along with me from town, and who was with me at Brighton—I forget exactly, but I know that he sent for Knighton, and made him feel my pulse. You'll find it rapid enough, I've no doubt, Sir William, said I. I rose from a sick bed to come here; his Majesty had deigned to wish to see me. Then the King stopped me, and made a sign to Knighton to withdraw.

"'Wasn't it a strange situation, Harcourt, to be seated there beside the King, alone? None other present—all to ourselves—talking as you and I might talk of what interested us most of all the world—and he showing me that letter, the letter that ought to have come to me. How he could do it I know not. Neither you nor I, George, could have done so; for, after all, she was, ay, and she *is*, his wife. He could not avail himself of my stratagem. I said so, too, and he answered, Aye, but I can divorce her if one half of that be true, and he pointed to the letter. Then Countess Glencore, said he, must know everything, and be willing to tell it, too. She has paid the heaviest penalty ever woman paid for another. Read that,—and I read it—ay, I read it four times, five times over—and then my brain began to burn, and a thousand fancies flitted across me, and though he talked on, I heard not a word.

"'But that Countess is my wife, sir, broke I in, and what a part do you assign her! She is to be a spy, a witness, perhaps, in some infamous cause. How shall I, a peer of the realm, endure to see my name thus degraded? Is it court favor can recompense me for lost or tarnished honor? But it will be her own vindication, said he. Her own vindication—these were the words, George—she should be clear of all reproach. By Heaven, he said so, that I might declare it before the world—and when it should be proved—be proved. How base a man can

be, even though he wear a crown! Just fancy his proposition; but I spurned it, and said, you must seek for some one with a longer chance of life, sir, to do this; my days are too brief for such dishonor; and he was angry with me, and said I had forgotten the presence in which I stood. It was true, I had forgotten it.

"He called me a wretched fool, too, as I tore up that letter. That was wrong in me, Harcourt, was it not? I did not see him go, but I found myself alone in the room, and I was picking up the fragments of the letter as they entered. They were less than courteous to me, though I told them who I was—an ancient barony better than half the modern marquises. I gave them date and place for a creation that smacked of other services than a Jacques. Knighton would come with me, but I shook him off. Your court physician can carry his complaisance even to poison. By George, it is their chief office, and I know well what snares are now in store for me."

"And thence he went on to say that he would hasten back to his Irish solitude, where none could trace him out. That there his life, at least, would be secure, and no emissaries of the King dare follow him. It was in vain I tried to induce him to return, even for one night, to the hotel, and I saw that to persist in my endeavors would be to hazard the little influence I still possessed over him. I could not, however, leave the poor fellow to his fate without at least the assurance of a home somewhere, and so I accompanied him to Ireland, and left him in that strange old ruin where we once sojourned together. His mind had gradually calmed down, but a deep melancholy had gained entire possession of him, and he passed whole days without a word. I saw that he often labored to recall some of the events of the interview with the King, but his memory had not retained them, and he seemed like one eternally engaged in some problem which his faculties could not solve.

"When I left him and arrived in town, I found the clubs full of the incident, but evidently without any real knowledge of what had occurred; since the version was that Glencore had asked an audience of the King, and gone down to the Pavilion to read to his Majesty a most atrocious narrative of the Queen's life in Italy, offering to substantiate—through his Italian connection—every allegation it contained—a proposal that, of course, was only received by the King in the light of an insult; and that this reception, so different from all his expectations, had turned his head and driven him completely insane!

"I believe now I have told you every-

thing as I heard it; indeed, I have given you Glencore's own words, since, without them, I could not convey to you what he intended to say. The whole affair is a puzzle to me, for I am unable to tell when the poor fellow's brain was wandering, and when he spoke under the guidance of right reason. You, of course, have the clue to it all."

"I! How so?" cried Upton.

"You have seen the letter which caused all the trouble; you know its contents and what it treats of."

"Very true; I must have read it; but I have not the slightest recollection of what it was about. There was something, I know, about Glencore's boy—he was called Greppi, though, and might not have been recognized; and there was some gossip about the Princess of Wales—the Queen, as they call her now—and her ladies; but I must frankly confess it did not interest me, and I have forgotten it all."

"Is the writer of the letter to be come at?"

"Nothing easier. I'll take you over to breakfast with her to-morrow morning; you shall catechize her yourself."

"O! she is, then—"

"She is the Princess Sabloukoff, my dear George, and a very charming person, as you will be the first to acknowledge. But as to this interview at Brighton, I fancy—even from the disjointed narrative of Glencore—one can make a guess of what it portended. The King saw that my Lady Glencore—for so we must call her—knew some very important facts about the Queen, and wished to obtain them; and saw, too, that certain scandals, as the phrase goes, which attached to her ladyship, lay at another door. He fancied, not unreasonably, perhaps, that Glencore would be glad to hear this exculpation of his wife; and he calculated that by the boon of this intelligence, he could gain over Glencore to assist him in his project for a divorce. Don't you perceive, Harcourt, what an inestimable value it would have, to possess one single gentleman, one man or one woman of station, amid all this rabble that they are summoning throughout the world, to bring a shame upon England?"

"Then you incline to believe Lady Glencore blameless?" asked Harcourt, anxiously.

"I think well of every one, my charming Colonel. It is the only true philosophy in life. Be as severe as you please on all who injure yourself, but always be lenient to the faults that only damage your friends. You have no idea how much practical wisdom the maxim contains, nor what a fund of charity it provides."

"I'm ashamed to be so stupid; but I

must come back to my old question. Is all this story against Glencore's wife only a calumny?"

"And I must fall back upon my old remark, that all the rogues in the world are in jail; the people you see walking about and at large are unexceptionably honest—every man of them. Ah, my dear deputy assistant, adjutant, or commissary, or whatever it be, can you not perceive the more than folly of these perquisitions into character? You don't require that the ice should be strong enough to sustain a twenty-four pounder before you venture to put foot on it; enough that it is quite equal to your own weight; and so of the world at large—everybody, or nearly everybody, has virtues enough for all we want. This English habit—for it is essentially English—eternally investigating everything, is like the policy of a man who would fire a round shot every morning at his house to see if it was well and securely built."

"I don't, I can't agree with you," cried Harcourt.

"Be it so, my dear fellow; only don't give me your reasons, and at least I shall respect your motives."

"What would you do then, in Glencore's place? Let me ask you that."

"You may as well inquire how I should behave if I were a quadruped. Don't you perceive that I never could, by any possibility, place myself in such a false position? The man who, in a case of difficulty, takes counsel from his passions, is exactly like one who, being thirsty, fills himself out a bumper of aqua fortis and drinks it off."

"I wish with all my heart you'd give up aphorisms, and just tell me how we could serve this poor fellow; for I feel that there is a gleam of light breaking through his dark fortunes."

"When a man is in the state Glencore is now in, the best policy is to let him alone. They tell us that when Murat's blood was up, the Emperor always left him to his own guidance, since he either did something excessively brilliant, or made such a blunder as recalled him to subjection again. Let us treat our friend in this fashion, and wait. O, my worthy colonel, if you but knew what a secret there is in that same waiting policy. Many a game is won by letting the adversary move out of his turn."

"If all this subtlety be needed to guide a man in the plain road of life, what is to become of poor simple fellows like myself?"

"Let them never go far from home, Harcourt, and they'll always find their way back," said Upton, and his eyes twinkled with malicious drollery. "Come, now," said he, with a well-affected good nature of look and voice, "if I won't tell you what

I should counsel Glencore in this emergency, I'll do the next best thing—I'll tell you what advice you'd give him."

"Let us hear it, then," said the other.

"You'd send him abroad to search out his wife; ask her forgiveness for all the wrong he has done her; call out any man that whispered the shadow of a reproach against her, and go back to such domesticity as it might please Heaven to accord him."

"Certainly, if the woman has been unjustly dealt with—"

"There's the rock you always split on; you are everlasting in search of a character. Be satisfied when you have eaten a hearty breakfast, and don't ask for a bill of health. Researches are always dangerous. My great grandfather, who had a passion for genealogy, was cured of it by discovering that the first of the family was a stay-maker! Let the lesson not be lost on us."

"From all which I am to deduce that you'd ask no questions—take her home again, and say nothing."

"You forget, Harcourt, we are now discussing the line of action *you* would recommend; I am only hinting at the best mode of carrying out *your* ideas."

"Just for the pleasure of showing me that I didn't know how to walk in the road I made myself," said Harcourt, laughing.

"What a happy laugh that was, Harcourt. How plainly, too, it said, Thank Heaven, I'm not like that fellow with all his craft! And you are right, too, my dear friend; if the devil were to walk the world he'd be bored beyond endurance, seeing nothing but the old vices played over again and again; and so it is with all of us who have a spice of his nature. We'd give anything to see one new trick on the cards. Good night, and pleasant dreams to you;" and with a sigh that had in its cadence something almost natural, he gave his two fingers to the honest grasp of the other, and withdrew.

"You're a better fellow than you think yourself, or wish any one else to believe you," muttered Harcourt, as he puffed his cigar; and he ruminated over this reflection till it was bed-time.

CHAPTER XL.

UPTONISM.

ABOUT NOON on the following day, Sir Horace Upton and the Colonel drove up to the gate of the villa at Sorrento, and learned, to their no small astonishment, that the Princess had taken her departure that morning for Como. If Upton heard these tidings with a sense of pain, nothing in his manner betrayed the sentiment; on the contrary, he proceeded to do the honors of

the place like its owner. He showed Harcourt the grounds and the gardens, pointed out all the choice points of view, directed his attention to rare plants and curious animals; and then led him within doors to admire the objects of art and luxury which abounded there.

"And that, I conclude, is a portrait of the Princess," said Harcourt, as he stood before what had been a flattering likeness twenty years back.

"Yes, and a wonderful resemblance," said Upton, eyeing it through his glass. "Fatter and fuller now, perhaps; but it was done after an illness."

"By Jove," muttered Harcourt, "she must be very beautiful; I don't think I ever saw a handsomer woman!"

"You are only repeating a European verdict. She is the most perfectly beautiful woman of the Continent."

"So there is no flattery in that picture?"

"Flattery! Why, my dear fellow, these people, the very cleverest of them, can't imagine anything as lovely as that. They can imitate—they never invent real beauty."

"And clever, you say, too?"

"Spirit enough for a dozen reviewers, and fifty fashionable novelists," and as he spoke he smiled and coquetted with the portrait, as though to say, "Don't mind me saying all this to your face."

"I suppose her history is a very interesting one."

"Her history, my worthy Harcourt! She has a dozen histories. Such women have a life of politics, a life of literature, a life of the salons, a life of the affections, not to speak of the episodes of jealousy, ambition, triumph, and sometimes defeat, that make up the brilliant web of their existence. Some three or four such people give the whole character and tone to the age they live in. They mould its interests, sway its fashions, suggest its tastes, and they finally rule those who fancy that they rule mankind."

"Egad, then, it makes one very sorry for poor mankind," muttered Harcourt, with a most honest sincerity of voice.

"Why should it do so, my good Harcourt? Is the refinement of a woman's intellect a worse guide than the coarser instincts of a man's nature? Would you not yourself rather trust your destinies to that fair creature yonder, than be left to the legislative mercies of that old gentleman there, that Hardenberg; or his fellow on the other side, Metternich?"

"Grim looking fellow the Prussian—the other is much better," said Harcourt, rather evading the question.

"I confess I prefer the Princess," said Upton, as he bowed before the portrait in

deepest courtesy. "But here comes breakfast. I have ordered them to give it to us here, that we may enjoy that glorious sea-view while we eat."

"I thought your cook a man of genius, Upton, but this fellow is his master," said Harcourt, as he tasted his soup.

"They are brothers—twins too; and they have their separate gifts," said Upton, affectedly. "My fellow, they tell me, has the finer intelligence, but he plays deeply, speculates in the Bourse, and spoils his nerve."

Harcourt watched the delivery of this speech to catch if there were any signs of railery in the speaker; he felt that there was a kind of mockery in the words, but there was none in the manner, for there was not any in the mind of him who uttered them.

"My chef," resumed Upton, "is a great essayist, who must have time for his efforts. This fellow is a feuilleton writer, who is required to be new and sparkling every day of the year—always varied, never profound."

"And is this your life of every day?" said Harcourt, as he surveyed the splendid room, and carried his glance towards the terraced gardens that flanked the sea.

"Pretty much this kind of thing," sighed Upton, wearily.

"And no great hardship either, I should call it."

"No, certainly not," said the other, hesitatingly. "To one like myself, for instance, who has no health for the wear and tear of public life, and no heart for its ambitions, there is a great deal to like in the quiet retirement of a first-class mission."

"Is there really then nothing to do?" asked Harcourt, innocently.

"Nothing, if you don't make it for yourself. You can have a harvest if you like to sow. Otherwise you may lie in fallow the year long. The subordinates take the petty miseries of diplomacy for *their* share—the sorrows of insulted Englishmen, the passport difficulties, the custom-house troubles, the Police insults. The Secretary calls at the offices of the Governor, carries messages and the answers; and I, when I have health for it, make my compliments to the King, in a cocked-hat, on his birthday, and have twelve grease pots illuminated over my door to honor the same festival."

"And is that all?"

"Very nearly, in fact. When one does anything more, they generally do wrong; and by a steady persistence in this kind of thing for thirty years, you are called a safe man, who never compromised his Government, and sure to be employed by any party in power."

"I begin to think I might be an envoy myself," said Harcourt.

"No doubt of it; we have two or three of your calibre in Germany this moment—men liked and respected; and what is of more consequence, men looked upon in the Office."

"I don't exactly follow you in that last remark."

"I scarcely expected you should; and as little can I make it clear to you. Know, however, that in that venerable pile in Downing-street, called the Foreign Office, there is a strange, mysterious sentiment—partly tradition, partly prejudice, partly toadyism—which bands together all within its walls, from the whiskered porter at the door to the essenced minister in his bureau, into one intellectual conglomerate, that judges of every man in the line—as they call diplomacy—with one accord. By that curious tribunal, which hears no evidence, nor ever utters a sentence, each man's merits are weighed; and to stand well in the Office is better than all the favors of the court, or the force of great abilities."

"But I cannot comprehend how mere subordinates, the underlings of official life, can possibly influence the fortunes of men so much above them."

"Picture to yourself the position of an humble guest at a great man's table; imagine one to whose pretensions the sentiments of the servants' hall are hostile; he is served to all appearance like the rest of the company; he gets his soup and his fish like those about him, and his wine glass is duly replenished—yet what a series of petty mortifications is he the victim of; how constantly is he made to feel that he is not in public favor; how certain, too, if he incur an awkwardness, to find that his distresses are exposed. The servants' hall is the Office, my dear Harcourt, and its persecutions are equally polished."

"Are you a favorite there yourself?" asked the other, slyly.

"A prime favorite; they all like me!" said he, throwing himself back in his chair, with an air of easy self-satisfaction; and Harcourt stared at him, curious to know whether so astute a man was the dupe of his own self-esteem, or merely amusing himself with the simplicity of another. Ah, my good colonel, give up the problem, it is an enigma far above your powers to solve. That nature is too complex for your elucidation; in its intricate web no one thread holds the clue, but all is complicated, crossed, and entangled.

"Here comes a Cabinet messenger again," said Upton, as a courier's caleche drove up, and a well-dressed and well-looking fellow leaped out.

"Ah, Stanhope, how are you?" said Sir Horace, shaking his hand with what from him was warmth. "Do you know Colonel Harcourt? Well, Frank, what news do you bring me?"

"The best of news."

"At F. O. I suppose," said Upton, sighing.

"Just so. Adderley has told the King you are the only man capable to succeed him. The Press says the same, and the clubs are all with you."

"Not one of them all, I'd venture to say, has asked whether I have the strength or health for it," said Sir Horace, with a voice of pathetic intonation.

"Why, as we never knew you want energy for whatever fell to your lot to do, we have the same hope still," said Stanhope.

"So say I, too," cried Harcourt. "Like many a good hunter—he'll do his work best when he is properly weighted."

"It is quite refreshing to listen to you both—creatures with crocodile digestion—talk to a man who suffers night-mare if he over-eat a dry biscuit at supper. I tell you frankly it would be the death of me to take the Foreign Office. I'd not live through the session—the very dinners would kill me, and the house, the heat, and the turmoil, and the worry of opposition, and jaunting back and forward to Brighton or to Windsor."

While he muttered these complaints, he continued to read with great rapidity the letters which Stanhope had brought him, and which, despite all his practised dissimulation, had evidently afforded him pleasure in the perusal.

"Adderley bore it," continued he, "just because he was a mere machine, wound up to play off so many dispatches, like so many tunes; and then he permitted a degree of interference on the King's part I never could have suffered; and he liked to be addressed by the King of Prussia as 'Dear Adderley;' but what do I care for all these vanities? Have I not seen enough of the thing they call the great world? Is not this retreat better and dearer to me than all the glare and crash of London, or all the pomp and splendor of Windsor?"

"By Jove, I suspect you are right, after all," said Harcourt, with an honest energy of voice.

"Were I younger, and stronger in health, perhaps," said Upton, "this might have tempted me. Perhaps I can picture to myself what I might have made of it; for, you may perceive, George, these people have done nothing; they have been pouring hot water on the tea-leaves Pitt left them; no more."

"And you'd have a brewing of your own, I've no doubt," responded the other.

"I'd, at least, have foreseen the time when this compact, this holy alliance, should become impossible—when the developed intelligence of Europe would seek something else from their rulers than a well concocted scheme of repression. I'd have provided for the hour when England must either break with her own people or her allies; and I'd have inaugurated a new policy, based upon the enlarged views and extended intelligence of mankind."

"I'm not certain that I quite apprehend you," muttered Harcourt.

"No matter; but you can surely understand that if a set of mere mediocrities have saved England, a batch of clever men might have done something more. She came out of the last war the acknowledged head of Europe; does she now hold that place, and what will she be at the next great struggle?"

"England is as great as ever she was," cried Harcourt, boldly.

"Greater in nothing is she than in the implicit credulity of her people!" sighed Upton. "I only wish I could have the same faith in my physicians that she has in hers! By the way, Stanhope, what of that new fellow they have got at St. Leonard's? They tell me he builds you up in some preparation of gypsum, so that you can't move or stir, and that the perfect repose thus imparted to the system is the highest order of restorative."

"They were just about to try him for manslaughter when I left England," said Stanhope, laughing.

"As often the fate of genius in these days as in more barbarous times," said Upton. "I read his pamphlet with much interest. If you were going back, Harcourt, I'd have begged of you to try him."

"And I'm forced to say, I'd have refused you flatly."

"Yet it is precisely creatures of robust constitution, like you, that should submit themselves to these trials for the sake of

humanity. Frail organizations, like mine, cannot brave these ordeals. What are they talking of in town? Any gossip afloat?"

"The change of ministry is the only topic. Glencore's affair has worn itself out."

"What was that about Glencore?" asked Upton, half indolently.

"A strange story; one can scarcely believe it. They say that Glencore, hearing of the King's great anxiety to be rid of the Queen, asked an audience of his Majesty, and actually suggested, as the best possible expedient, to adopt his own plan, and deny the marriage. They add, that he reasoned the case so cleverly, and with such consummate craft and skill, it was with the greatest difficulty that the king could be persuaded that he was deranged. Some say his Majesty was outraged beyond endurance: others, that he was vastly amused, and laughed immoderately over it."

"And the world, how do they pronounce upon it?"

"There are two great parties—one for Glencore's sanity, the other against; but, as I said before, the Cabinet changes have absorbed all interest latterly, and the Viscount and his case are forgotten; and when I started, the great question was, who was to have the Foreign Office."

"I believe I could tell them one who will not," said Upton, with a melancholy smile. "Dine with me both of you to-day, at seven; no company, you know. There is an opera in the evening, and my box is at your service if you like to go, and so till then," and with a little gesture of the hand he waved an adieu, and quitted the room.

"I'm sorry he's not up to the work of office," said Harcourt, as he left the room; "there's plenty of ability in him."

"The best man we have," said Stanhope; "so they say at the Office."

"He's gone to lie down, I take it; he seemed much exhausted. What say you to a walk back to town?"

"I ask nothing better," said Stanhope; and they started for Naples.

GRIMWADE'S DESICCATED MILK.—A cow that should eat no food, and whose milk, nevertheless, should not cease to flow, would be invaluable to sailors, travellers, armies, and Londoners. All the advantages of such a cow are by an ingenious process now placed within the reach of the classes we have named. A bottle of dried milk is before us—milk in powder, which will keep in all climates, and for any length of time. We take a spoonful of it, mix it with a teaspoonful of warm water; and, lo! there is a cup of

new milk, sweet and creamy, as if it had just come from the cow; and for every purpose quite equal to it. We see that Soyer, Miss Nightingale, and Dr. A. Smith, Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army, have testified to the value of this invention from practical experience of it during the war. A company has been formed to manufacture it on a large scale, and, having tried it, we can vouch for its excellence.

From The Spectator, 22 Nov.

MRS. BROWNING'S AURORA LEIGH.*

THERE was always something of the Titaness about Mrs. Browning: her instincts were towards the vague, the vast, the indefinite, the unutterable; and the ideal world in which her imagination lived was a world of formless grandeur, of radiant mist, in which shapes of superhuman majesty moved and loomed dimly glorious. In her art she was a Pythoness struggling for utterance, too full of the god to do more than writhe her lips in convulsed agony; her speech was inarticulate, often because she meant so much; the note she sounded became a hollow noise, because it was so deep. In this state of mind she wrote lyrical dramas on the Fall of Man and the Crucifixion of Christ, which were little more than hysterical spasms; poured herself forth in improvisations which in one stanza stirred every heart and thrilled every soul, and in the next moved inextinguishable laughter, so strangely were strength and weakness mingled, grand thought and deep feeling with nonsense, affectation, and wilful puerility. *Casa Guidi Windows* was a great advance, though still there was much to do before she became mistress of her own powers—before she could guide the metal coursers of her chariot with a light finger on the silken reins of art. *Aurora Leigh* is in point of execution another great step forward; if the steeds still toss their heads somewhat wildly for well-bred carriage-horses, still snuff the air as if the trackless desert were their native home, it is that their mistress prefers to drive with a loose reign, and would rather ride with Mazeppa than take a ticket by the Great Western or a canter round Rotten Row.

But the old anarchic nature of the Titaness is still discernible; still there is something of the old contempt for limitation and the littleness of completeness; still the conception vast and vague and only half-realized; rich elements of force and beauty in chaos and confusion, the waters heaving and boiling with life ere yet the demiurgic spirit has brooded over them and given to each thing its definite form and its separate place. The poem professes to be the autobiography of a woman of genius, who early in life refuses to marry a man she likes, because he, being a philanthropist, seems to her to seek her for

his wife not so much as a woman whom he loves, and whose love he wants, as to be his helper in his social work. She is further offended by his slight estimate of art and literature, and by his disbelief in a woman's ability to attain high excellence in either. So far as concerns herself, the record is one more of feelings than of facts, a history of mental growth and the development of character rather than of fortune and outward incidents. But there is no lack of incidents, and those of so startling a character that they might serve for the plot of a Victoria melodrama. Indeed, nothing can be more evident than that Mrs. Browning has not cared to throw an air of every-day probability over her story, or to propitiate in the least that sort of refinement which avoids almost with equal horror violent emotions and eccentric actions. The two principal characters in the book, besides the autobiographer Aurora Leigh, are her cousin Romney Leigh, whom she refuses to marry for the motives before assigned, and a girl of the lowest station, named Marian Erle, who is pure and good, though abjectly poor and the child of brutal tramps. There are other characters incidentally introduced, one of whom, a fashionable young widow, Lady Waldemar, plays a leading part in the development of the story; but the three we have mentioned are the principal dramatis personæ, and it is in their mutual relations that the interest of the poem consists. Thus we have already two very distinct elements of poetic excitement in the growth of Aurora's character, in her experience as woman and artist, and in the strange fortunes of Romney Leigh and Marian Erle. But along with these, we have on the one hand, as appropriate enough to Aurora's autobiography, frequent discursive reflections on art and life in general, sketches of people in society, the brilliant talk of London evening-parties, and all that might naturally enter into the journalizing of a literary woman mixing in the literary and fashionable society of London; and on the other, as Romney Leigh is a philanthropist to begin with, and loses his wife through an overstraining on the practical side of life and marriage, he too passes through the various phases of Socialistic opinion; and the book not only abounds in discussion and allusions to the various and conflicting theories and schemes for the regeneration of society, but its deepest object

* *Aurora Leigh*. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Published by Chapman and Hall.

consists, we should say, in the contrast and final reconciliation of Aurora's artistic cultivation of the individual, with Romney's mechanical and materialistic plans for the improvement of the masses. It would require not perhaps more genius and intellect than Mrs. Browning has shown, to organize all this material, all these elements, into a poem of which each part should grow from the expanding life of the central idea, and be necessary to the completeness of the whole; but it would require a more patient endurance of intellectual toil, a more resolute hand upon the reins, more thought, more pains, less self-indulgence in composition, less wilfulness. She has succeeded in writing brilliantly and powerfully almost throughout this long poem of more than ten thousand lines of blank verse; she has touched social problems with the light of her penetrating intellect and the warmth of her passionate heart; has painted scenery with a free outline and a glowing color; has sketched characters as a sensitive and observant woman can sketch them; above all, she has dramatized passion with a force and energy that recall the greatest masters of tragedy: but these various excellences, though they make a book interesting, and prove genius of a high order, do not make a great poem, and will never be held to do so by any persons who know and feel that a work of art is something different in kind from the finest discursive talk, or even from a collection of studies however masterly, and though they may be ingeniously patchworked into a cleverly-devised frame.

It may be that Mrs. Browning cares little for this distinction; and that she would tell us, that, provided the wine be good, the shape of the glass matters not—that she never aimed at writing a great poem in our sense of the word, but only at writing fine sense and deep feeling. Be it so, if she really is satisfied with that explanation. We do not understand an artist who ignores art, especially when the consciousness of high moral and artistic aims is evidently present, and only the patient effort, the resolute will to conquer difficulties, is wanting. For the rest, she has succeeded in saying a number of beautiful things in a free and natural manner, that loses little of its ease and lightness in the more prosaic parts of the poem, and gains in much larger proportion in the impassioned parts by being in verse. Here, for instance,

is a passage on mother's love, not easily to be surpassed.

"As it was, indeed,
I felt a mother-want about the world,
And still went seeking, like a bleating lamb
Left out at night, in shutting up the fold,—
As restless as a nest-deserted bird
Grown chill through something being away,
though what

It knows not. I Aurora Leigh was born
To make my father sadder, and myself
Not over-joyous, truly. Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just),
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles: children learn by such,
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And get not over-early solemnized,
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, Love Divine,
Which burns and hurts not—not a single bloom—
Become aware and unafraid of Love:
Such good do mothers. Fathers love as well,
—Mine did, I know,—but still with heavier
brains,

And wills more consciously responsible,
And not as wisely, since less foolishly:
So mothers have God's license to be missed."

Here too is a shrewd criticism on "moral and intellectual systems."

"A fool will pass for such through one mistake,
While a philosopher will pass for such
Through said mistakes being ventured in the
gross
And heaped up to a system."

Quotations are not easy to find that suit our space and do justice to the poem from which they are torn. Mrs. Browning takes full room for her powers. But here is a letter, in which Marian Erle, whom Romney Leigh in his Socialist enthusiasm was going to marry, announces to her bridegroom her flight on the morning that was to be the marriage morning.

"Noble friend, dear saint,
Be patient with me. Never think me vile,
Who might to-morrow morning be your wife
But that I loved you more than such a name.
Farewell, my Romney. Let me write it once,—
My Romney.

"'Tis so pretty a coupled word,
I have no heart to pluck it with a blot.
We say "my God" sometimes upon our knees,
Who is not therefore vexed: so bear with it . . .
And me. I know I'm foolish, weak, and vain;
Yet most of all I'm angry with myself
For losing your last footstep on the stair,
That last time of your coming,—yesterday!
The very first time I lost step of yours
(Its sweetness comes the next to what you speak),

But yesterday sobs took me by the throat,
And cut me off from music.

"Mister Leigh,
You'll set me down as wrong in many things.
You've praised me, sir, for truth,—and now
you'll learn

I had not courage to be rightly true.
I once began to tell you how she came,
The woman . . . and you stared upon the floor
In one of your fixed thoughts . . . which put me
out

For that day. After, some one spoke of me
So wisely, and of you so tenderly,
Persuading me to silence for your sake . . .
Well, well ! it seems this moment I was wrong
In keeping back from telling you the truth :
There might be truth betwixt us two, at least,
If nothing else. And yet 'twas dangerous.
Suppose a real angel came from heaven
To live with men and women ! he'd go mad,
If no considerate hand should tie a blind
Across his piercing eyes. 'Tis thus with you :
You see us too much in your heavenly light ;
I always thought so, angel,—and indeed
There's danger that you beat yourself to death
Against the edges of this alien world,
In some divine and fluttering pity.

"Yes,
It would be dreadful for a friend of yours
To see all England thrust you out of doors
And mock you from the windows. You might
say,

Or think (that's worse), 'There's some one in
the house

I miss and love still.' Dreadful !

"Very kind,
I pray you mark, was Lady Waldemar.
She came to see me nine times, rather ten—
So beautiful, she hurts me like the day
Let suddenly on sick eyes.

"Most kind of all,
Your cousin !—ah, most like you ! Ere you
came

She kissed me mouth to mouth : I felt her soul
Dip through her serious lips in holy fire.
God help me, but it made me arrogant ;
I almost told her that you would not lose
By taking me to wife : though, ever since,
I've pondered much a certain thing she asked . . .
'He loves you, Marian ?' . . . in a sort of mild
Derisive sadness . . . as a mother asks
Her babe, 'You'll touch that star, you think ?'

"Farewell !
I know I never touched it.

"This is worst :
Babes grow, and lose the hope of things above ;
A silver threepence sets them leaping high—
But no more stars ! mark that.

"I've writ all night,
And told you nothing. God, if I could die,
And let this letter break off innocent
Just here ! But no—for your sake . . .

"Here's the last :
I never could be happy as your wife,
I never could be harmless as your friend ;
I never will look more into your face,
Till God says, 'Look !' I charge you, seek me
not,

Nor vex yourself with lamentable thoughts
That peradventure I have come to grief :
Be sure I'm well, I'm merry, I'm at ease,
But such a long way, long way, long way off,
I think you'll find me sooner in my grave,—
And that's my choice, observe. For what
remains,

An over-generous friend will care for me,
And keep me happy . . . happier . . .

"There's a blot !
This ink runs thick . . . we light girls lightly
weep . . .

And keep me happier . . . was the thing to say, . . .
Than as your wife I could be !—O, my star,
My saint, my soul ! for surely you're my soul,
Through whom God touched me ! I am not so lost,
I cannot thank you for the good you did,
The tears you stopped, which fell down bitterly,
Like these—the times you made me weep for joy
At hoping I should learn to write your notes,
And save the tiring of your eyes at night ;
And most for that sweet thrice you kissed my lips
And said "Dear Marian."

"'Twould be hard to read
This letter, for a reader half as learn'd ;
But you'll be sure to master it, in spite
Of ups and downs. My hand shakes, I am blind ;
I'm poor at writing, at the best,—and yet
I tried to make my *g's* the way you showed.
Farewell—Christ love you.—Say "Poor Marian"
now."

The essential fault of this book is that
the plan is too large and complex for the
mental power brought to bear upon it ; that
the characters do not sufficiently act upon
each other, and are too stationary in their
own development. They neither grow from
mutual influence nor from the expansion of
their own individuality. Aurora is much the
same person at thirty as at twenty ; the ac-
cident which finally brings about the denoue-
ment would have brought it at any period in
her mental growth. Marian Erle is a statue
of heroic goodness, out of whom circum-
stances bring the varying expressions of that
goodness, but who can scarcely be said to
change, to learn any thing, to develop powers
or virtues though she manifests them. And
Romney Leigh is a somewhat vaguely-con-
ceived type of a particular kind of self-sacri-
fice and intellectual narrowness, invested with
the outward form and circumstances of an
English gentleman. All this comes of not
conceiving the work as a whole, but looking
mainly to the separate effect of particular
passages and scenes. The characters have
no true continuity and development of life in
the book, because the writer never conceived
them from beginning to end of their careers
in one coherent effort of imagination.

We do not know whether Mrs. Browning has ever read "Clarissa Harlowe," Mrs. Gaskell's "Ruth," and Miss Brontë's "Jane Eyre;" but in the story of Marian Erle she has joined together the central incident of Clarissa Harlowe with the leading sentiment of Ruth—that healing and reconciling influence of the maternal passion for a child whose birth is, according to common worldly feeling, the mother's disgrace. The combination is striking and original, not to say courageous in a lady. We mention it to disavow any feeling of repugnance to the moral, though we certainly do question the propriety and

good taste of introducing the Clarissa Harlowe calamity under any amount of reserve, or for any emotional effect, in poem or novel. The bar of the Old Bailey is the only place where we wish to hear of such things. The same objection does not of course apply to the incident borrowed from Jane Eyre. But it is disagreeable to be so forcibly reminded of a recent and popular work, when a small expenditure of ingenuity would have avoided the resemblance; which is enhanced by the fact that the incident proves in each case the solution of the story's knot.

GALVANIC ACTION IN THE EARTH.—An eminent London cutler, Mr. Weiss, having observed that steel seemed to be much improved when it had become rusty in the earth, and provided that the rust was not factitiously produced by the application of acids, made the experiment of burying some razor-blades for nearly three years, and the result fully corresponded to his expectation. The blades became coated with rust, which had the appearance of having exuded from within, but were not eroded, and the quality of the steel was decidedly improved. Analogy led to the conclusion that the same might hold good with respect to iron, under similar circumstances. He accordingly purchased fifteen tons of the iron with which the piles of London bridge had been shod. Each shoe consisted of a small inverted pyramid, with four straps, rising from the four sides of the base, which embraced and were nailed to the pile; the total length, from the point which entered the ground to the end of the strap, being about sixteen inches, and the weight about eight pounds. The pyramidal extremities of the shoes were found to be not much corroded, nor indeed were the straps; but the latter had become extremely and beautifully sonorous. When manufactured, the solid points in question were convertible into very inferior steel, also the bolts; but the straps produced steel of unequalled superiority.

DURATION OF RAILROAD IRON.—The London Mining Journal says that the complaints respecting the inferior quality of recently manufactured rails, naturally attributable to the attempts made by companies to reduce the price, have attracted attention both in England and the United States, and have led to some practical and scientific inquiries. On the first introduction of railroads it was confidently asserted that the rails would last for indefinite periods; but experience soon demonstrated that railway

bars were subject to lamination and disintegration from the repeated rolling of heavy loads. Their duration, in some instances, has not exceeded two or three years; and on some of the earliest constructed lines in England, the rails have been changed twice, or even three times, since their opening. Where the conditions are favorable and the bars themselves perfectly sound, it is believed that the traffic which rails of ordinary quality are capable of bearing will not fall short of the large figure of twenty millions of tons.

THE AURORA BOREALIS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—The effect of the aurora on the electric telegraph is generally to increase or diminish the electric current used in working the wires. Sometimes it entirely neutralizes them, so that, in effect, no fluid is discoverable in them. The aurora borealis seems to be composed of a vast mass of electric matter, resembling in every respect that generated by the electro-galvanic battery. The currents from it change coming on the wires, and then disappear as the mass of the aurora rolls from the horizon to the zenith.

IMPROVEMENT IN BLASTING ROCKS.—A mode now adopted in blasting rocks consists in placing the powder or charge within a tube or a case, between two heads provided with a suitable packing, and attached to a rod, by which arrangement the charge is prevented from "blowing out," or obtaining vent in the direction of the line of the hole in which the tube and charge are placed, and the whole effect of the charge is exerted against the sides of the tubes or case. By this method it is represented that rocks may be blasted with much greater facility than by the ordinary mode, no tamping or packing of clay being necessary to confine the powder within the hole.

From The Examiner.

Dramatic Scenes. With other Poems, now first printed. By Barry Cornwall. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall.

AN unassuming preface to this book, signed with his own name, is closed by Mr. Procter thus: "If years have not 'brought the philosophic mind,' they have at least quelled those aspirations which are troublesome only to the young; and I now feel that I ought to disburden myself from my armor, and leave to more active and heroic spirits the glory of the struggle and the crown that awaits success." We do not know whether a sad thought prompted the closing words in that which is perhaps a poet's farewell sentence to the public. We know, however, and there is no reader in England needing to be taught that the farewell—if such it be—is that of a true poet in whom poetasters will do well to mark the complete absence of all restless self-assertion.

Certain "*Dramatic Scenes* by Barry Cornwall," published thirty-seven years ago, proved that a man of genius was their author; other works followed in quick succession, and established the place of their writer in the literature of his country. In this volume we have the first and last fruits of his muse. The dramatic scenes written in youth and brought out now into accordance with his own maturer taste are in the first pages of the book; it draws to a close among the songs of his best days, and ends with this

"FAREWELL TO VERSE.

"Sweet Muse! my friend of many years,—
Farewell!

Sweet Mistress, who did never do me
wrong;

But still with me hast been content to dwell
Through summer days and winter evenings
long;

Sweet Nurse, whose murmur soothed my soul,
Farewell!

I part with thee at last—and with thy song!

"Never again, unless some Spirit of might,
That will not be denied, command my pen,
Never again shall I essay to write
What thou (I thought!) didst prompt:
Never again

Lose me in dreams until the morning light,
Or soar with thee beyond the worlds of
men.

"Farewell!—The plumage drops from off my
wing:

Life and its humbler tasks henceforth are
mine!

The lark no longer down from heaven doth
bring

That music which, in youth, I deemed
divine:

The winds are mute; the rivers dare not
sing;—

Time lifts his hand,—and I obey the
sign!"

Though a few of Barry Cornwall's songs are on the lips of the people, yet of the entire body of his verse it may be said that we have in it a distinct illustration of the fact that in the applause of the best men lies the truest and most lasting fame. Nobody doubts the permanence of Barry Cornwall's reputation, though few poets of equal mark have been less flattered by calls for new editions of their works. Nobody believes, even at this day, in the reputation of Mr. Martin Tupper, some of whose writings are, we believe, in an eighteenth or twentieth edition. In the case of Mr. Procter, the neglect of the many has been to a remarkable degree accompanied by the appreciation and respect of all. He never wrote verse that was not pure in its intent, clear in its expression, sweet in its flow. Many thousands of men who have not read one of his books have read portions of his mind on scattered leaves, and recognized in the words that can give poet's utterance to common human thought, the singer who knows well how

—"in the misty years of happiness
Our hearts exhale with tenderest thoughts,
which soar
Like dew from off the ground and hallow us."

These lines are from one of the wisest and sweetest of the new poems which constitute the larger portion of the book before us now. As we turn over its leaves and note the generosity of feeling, the quick sympathy with actual and present, not merely remote and imagined, sufferings, the play of humor now and then, the social instinct, the kindly satire, the wise words so simply uttered, and the kind words ever prompt to come, we think—or at least hope, for our own sakes—that Mr. Procter's fame appears so well assured to all of us, mainly because it rests upon the English character of the pure human feeling that his poetry has at all times expressed. It is the English mind seen in repose that is here mirrored, and the image in the mirror never is disfigured by reflection of our prejudices or our passions. We mean no sarcasm in saying that had Mr. Procter's taste been bad, what we assume to be the English spirit in him would have made his writings vastly popular; his taste

was pure, and as an English poet it secures him lasting fame. It may be that the poet's aspiration has exceeded his achievement; for that should be in all cases the true man's experience. Thus sang the poet of whom we are now speaking when in mid career: we quote another of the poems now first published.

"VAGUE WISHES.

"I aspire
Unto that which hath no shape;
Unto that which hath no sound;
High,—higher,—higher,
I ascend! I quit the ground,
The human earth where hearts abound;
Swifter than the Lightning's fire
I aspire!
Past the high clouds floating round
Where the eagle is not found,
Past the million-starry choir
I aspire,
Unto some sublime Desire!

"Wondrous Visions o'er me bend!
From the love of worth and beauty,
From the trust that marks a friend,
To the highest heights of Duty.
I ascend!
Not for poor or selfish end,
Poet's crown, Pontiff's tiar,
I aspire!
Through the mist of foul opinions,
Flaming passions, sensual mire,
To the Mind's serene dominions
I aspire!

"I aspire!
Dread or doubt shall never haunt

The music of my winged lyre;
Nothing shall my spirit daunt,
Not the strength, not the ire,
Not the diabolic vaunt
Of the Phantom vague and gaunt,
Who with eyes of fatal fire,
And his quiver of arrows dire,
Scares the world: Death avant!
Know that even beyond the strife
Of Love and Hate, of Death and Life,
Higher ever,—ever higher,
I aspire!"

We have spoken of the lasting value of these poems, and of many others from the same hand published heretofore. It remains for us to say a word upon the interest attaching to this volume among books of the week. The publication of the Christmas gift-books is a leading feature in the literature of the present week, and as the most delicate of gift-books, printed upon the thickest and the smoothest paper, adorned liberally with pictures by half a dozen of our best illustrators, this volume has been presented by the publishers. It is a volume not of old poetry newly embellished, but of new poetry—akin to the good Christmas spirit—that would command attention by its interest and value were it printed in the meanest fashion. It is by far the best, in fact, of the few really new books issued in honor to the Christmas time, in an embellished form.

AMERICA and ENGLAND.—The RESTORATION by the People of the United States to the British Sovereign of the SHIP RESOLUTE, at Cowes, December 16, 1856. Dedicated, by permission, to Her Most Gracious Majesty. Paul and Dominic Colnaghi and Co., 13 and 14 Pall-mall East, publishers to Her Majesty, beg to announce that they will shortly publish an ENGRAVING of the above subject, from the painting by William Simpson, the artist of the celebrated Sketches at the Seat of War. Her Majesty has graciously granted facilities towards the painting of the picture, which will include portraits of all the personages concerned in this very important and unprecedented event. The moment selected for the action of the picture is that in which Captain Hartstein, having delivered, in ever memorable language, the message of good will with which he had been charged by his countrymen, received Her Majesty's emphatic reply,—“Sir, I thank you.” The engraving will be published at the following

prices:—Prints, £3 3s.; proofs, with title, £5 5s.; proofs before title, £3 8s.; artists' proofs, very limited in number, £12 12s. Subscribers' names for copies of the plate (which will be delivered strictly according to the order of subscription) are solicited by Paul and Dominic Colnaghi and Co., 13 and 14, Pall-mall East, publishers to Her Majesty; and Messrs. Lloyd, Brothers, and Co., Ludgate hill.—*Advertisement in the Times.*

PRUE AND I is a book of pleasant essays by an American, addressing readers of all ages. The connecting idea is that they are written by an old book-keeper of New York, who, from all his excursions into the quiet dreamland over which he rules, returns always to his wife, Prue, who sits darning and patching the clothes of their children by the fireside. There is much of a wise, gentle, and playful spirit in the book, which, although written a little weakly, is yet written well.—*Examiner.*

From The National Magazine.

A HEROINE IN HER WAY.

BY DR. DORAN.

It was the opinion of Jeremy Collier that it would be better for the world if there were fewer heroes in it. Of the men who had been sufficiently illustrious to claim to be ranked under that distinctive name, there was only one in whom Collier acknowledged a benefactor of the human race. This individual was the apocryphal Hercules. "I scarcely ever heard of any, excepting Hercules," says Jeremy, "but did more mischief than good." He described heroes generally as "overgrown mortals," people who "commonly use their will with their right hand and their reason with their left." It must be remembered, however, that when Collier thus referred to "heroes," he had in his mind warriors only. Fanny Wright, herself something of a heroine, according to her own fashion, made a nicer distinction when she remarked that heroes were much rarer than great warriors. Collier, however, discerned that the heroic must be looked for elsewhere than only in the warlike. The pride of heroes, he says, "is in their title; and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks and ruins and desolations of kingdoms are marks of greatness, why do we not worship a tempest and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these." Larochevoucauld may be said to have thoroughly understood the meaning of the term "hero," when he remarked that "there are heroes in evil as well as in good." Massillon, too, was well acquainted with the worth of the term when he asserted that "it is easy to be at certain moments heroic and generous; what is really difficult is this,—to be constant and faithful."

He who has courage over himself is a hero; and a "heroine" is something more than the mere "bellatrix" and "virago," which often pass for its synonyms. There are many better worth knowing than the "formosæ chorus heroinæ" of Propertius, or the heroines of romance, over whose imaginary miseries so many tears are shed that there are none left for human calamity.

DCLXIV. LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 28

Now *my* heroine, Marie Lucille, was just one of these.

One winter's evening, towards the close of December, 1809, the snow was falling thick in the district between La Chaise Dieu and Brionde, in the department of the Upper Loire. A solitary horseman, who had nothing at all of a knightly aspect, and who looked bewildered, uncomfortable, and disgusted as the flakes fell on his face, was the only human figure to be seen in the dreary picture. The rider bent forward so far beyond his horse's ears, as to give him the air of one anxious to arrive at a cottage in the distance before the steed on which he was mounted.

"If they are savages who live there," murmured he, "they will not have the heart to refuse me hospitality in such weather as this." And therewith, having reached the door, he applied the butt-end of his whip to the panel, and knocked with apologetic hesitation.

"Jump down, doctor," exclaimed a voice from within; "I will take your horse in half a minute. We have been looking for you this hour. You have come too late, but you are perfectly welcome."

The doctor was among the first lecturers on therapeutics in Paris, and had not the least idea that he was known, expected, or welcome, in this part of the Upper Loire. He was on his way to Brionde, indeed, to attend a family festival, the grand portion of which was a christening. The doctor's brother had been for some years settled in the last-named town, which the professor of therapeutics was about to visit for the first time, for the purpose of standing god-father to a recently-born niece. He had been making a geological tour in the south, and intended to take Brionde on his road back to the capital.

By this time night had succeeded to evening, the snow fell faster and thicker than before; and suddenly a man appeared on the threshold carrying in his hand a blazing pine-stick, which he held aloft while he looked into the dark night.

"Come in, doctor," said he; "you'll find your god-daughter within, and your brother is not far off."

"My good friend," said the traveller, "there is surely some mistake. My god-daughter—"

"Look you there now," interrupted the man, shaking his pine-stick the while to enable him to distinguish the stranger, "I took you for our good Doctor Gerard, who had not only promised to be here for a birth, but to be sponsor for the baby. His brother, the curé, too, engaged to give it his blessing, and to taste our omelette and a bottle of the year '5."

The stranger explained his condition, asked for hospitality, and was believed and welcomed without hesitation.

"It is all one," said the host, taking the bride of the horse. "Go you in; you will find a Josephine within happier than the poor empress yonder; for she is the mother of a child, and is under the roof of her husband. Go you in; I'll see to the horse."

The doctor felt that he had not arrived at the most opportune of moments; nevertheless he was the most embarrassed of the party in the cottage. Under the circumstances, the hospitality which he received was "princely." The house and the inmates were poor indeed, but the latter had large hearts. They were all the happier, too, that their child was a girl. "They can't make a conscript of *her*," exclaimed both the parents, with a feeling which was common at the period, when a girl was born.

On the morrow, before taking leave of his kind entertainer, the doctor, placing his hand on that of the mother, observed to her, that he should be well pleased to be permitted to be godfather to "mademoiselle" there, "if—" He was about adding more, when mademoiselle herself uttered a cry so shrill, that the speaker paused.

"Pardi!" exclaimed the father, "she agrees, and does not wait for us to give our consent. You shall share the office, sir, with Monsieur Gerard."

This matter being arranged, the Parisian professor bade his hosts farewell. They promised to find a deputy for him at the ceremony of baptism, and to give him news of his god-daughter, or ask his counsel in her behalf, should occasion arise for either. And therewith he rode away, and very speedily forgot his sponsorial obligations and Marie Lucille.

The child grew—a plain child, with a grave look about her. She tumbled through infancy with tolerable credit and countless bruises. When she could run alone and was able to

speak, the companions of her age invited her to share their sports. She crossed her little hands behind her back, and sharply and peremptorily refused. Her unpopularity was established "forever."

She lay about at the cottage-door, now in the sun, now in the rain, and seemed to care little for either. She was a dreaming child, hardly conscious of what she dreamt, or wherefore. She had not the love of her fellows, but she won their respect. All the childish quarrels of the neighborhood were referred to her for arbitration. People stood near her on these occasions, amused at the gravity of the little judge in a tattered gown. They never found reason, however, to deny the justice of her award. The tribunal of Marie Lucille was an institution in the eyes of the little village litigants.

Hitherto her life had been one of unmixed happiness. She did not know that she was poor; and she felt, without thinking about it, that she was powerful. But she was now placed in a position which revealed to her her poverty, and made her sensible of being in subjection to others. She was sent to work in the fields during half the day, and to school during the remaining portion of it.

"She is not worth her salt," said the farmer who employed her to pick up stones.

"She is a fool," said the schoolmistress; "and is always asking questions above common sense."

The fact was, that in the fields Marie Lucille was studying even the stones. These, the herbs, the flowers, and the grasses, were her books; and when she took them to the school and laid them before the purblind Minerva there, she found the instructress could not read them. Her surprise was extreme. "I can teach myself to read," said she; "but of what use is this woman, if she cannot help me to do what I am unable to do for myself?"

She already saw that there was something imperfect in the educational system. The germ of the reformer was already in course of development in the little person of Marie Lucille.

She remained the only child of her parents, whose ill-health but increased their poverty. The girl, before she was in her teens, labored with an energy beyond her strength in order to aid her honest but almost helpless father

and mother. Within two years she lost both; and at the age of sixteen, the reserved, rather plain, but strongly intellectual-looking girl, was left an orphan, with nothing before her but a life of hard labor, and very delicate health wherewith to meet the burden.

"There is nothing else," said Marie Lucille; "let us make the best of it."

She found even this philosophy, however, of little avail. What she could gain by hard and constant work barely sufficed to keep life within her. Her strength daily decayed; and, worst of all to her, she had not leisure in any way to "learn any thing new." She was conscious of an insatiate thirst for knowledge, and her very heart died within her as she discovered the impossibility of slaking that thirst.

"Well," said she half-aloud, as she stood on the little "esplanade" of the village one Sunday evening, looking at the dancers, but thinking of more serious matters,—“well, there is something wrong here. It cannot be God's fault. It must then be *my* fault. I will go to Monsieur le curé; he of course will put me right."

Monsieur le curé, however, could not do what was expected of him. A gentle shower of ordinary and well-intentioned platitudes failed to refresh her. "My child," said the good old man, "it is your duty to be content with the lot which God has assigned to you."

"Monsieur le curé," asked Marie Lucille, "does God always, as you say, fit the back to the burden?"

"Doubtless," was the reply.

"Then," said Marie, without the least awe at finding herself about to beat the curé in argument,—“then I am not in the position assigned to me. The burden I carry is intolerable, not because of its weight, but because it does not fit my back. I would labor twice as long as I do, if the work were different from that to which I am now improperly condemned."

The curé looked at her with the aspect of a pope on the point of excommunicating a rebel prince who had defied pontifical teaching. She stood the look firmly; not audaciously, but with the strength born of the conviction that she was right, that she knew more about the matter than the priest, and that Heaven would help her if she only strove to help herself.

"Go and dance," said the curé.

"That is all the comfort that the well-provided ant could contribute to the poor lean grasshopper, who, according to its nature, had passed the summer singing in the grass. I will go to Paris," said Marie Lucille.

The resolution thus expressed astounded not only the curé, but the entire village. She was, however, not to be moved from it. She had a presentiment, she said, that her field of labor was in Paris.

"Where they sow sin, and reap tears," was the comment of the curé.

"As men sow, even accordingly shall they reap," rejoined the young logician. "May it be so with me, amen."

There was abundance of weeping when the sickly-looking but stout-hearted orphan turned her face towards the capital, and went on her long and weary way. It was a work of many weeks to traverse that long road; and fatigue and want more than once threatened to kill her before she had accomplished her object. At length she glided into the brilliant city, like a phantom. Scared and bewildered, she looked about her for the first time with a feeling of helpless despair.

Her strong mind mastered her weak body. She had not come purposeless, and she was resolved to carry her purpose out. She had long carried about her her Parisian godfather's address. With an instinct which resembled experience, and which told her that an interview would be more profitable than a correspondence, she had walked to the capital, determined to consult him (if he were living) who had promised to give her counsel if she happened to need it. Marie Lucille discovered her godfather's abode, and was laughed at by the porter when she offered to ascend the stairs which led to his apartment.

The pilgrim had not wandered so far to be rudely turned away from the shrine now that her hand was upon it. She stoutly maintained her right; and an altercation ensuing—particularly loud on the part of the porter—as the one ascended the staircase and the other attempted to obstruct the ascent, the doctor himself, somewhat fatter than of old, appeared at the door and demanded an explanation.

"Monsieur le docteur," said the porter, "this beggar-girl—"

"Godfather!" exclaimed the poor girl, who, hearing the title, concluded that she had reached her desired end, "I am Marie Lucille."

"And who the d— is Marie Lucille?" asked the professor good-humoredly; "who claims me for a godfather?"

The girl could speak well, and, exhausted though she was, a few sentences, spoken without circumlocution and to the purpose, soon enlightened the professor. He led her into his little dining-room with a gentle care that puzzled the wondering porter; ordered refreshment for her, consigned her to his *bonne*, and promised to hear her full story, her experiences, her hopes, and her desires, on the following morning.

When that morning arrived, Marie Lucille looked two or three years younger for her repose; and at the conclusion of a long interview with the kind-hearted professor, declared, very considerably to his surprise, that she thought she was best fitted to gain her livelihood in the same way that he did.

The professor burst into a fit of laughter, and looked incredulous. Marie herself blushed, as she always did when she or her situation was misapprehended. "I simply mean," she said, "that I should like to teach."

"What do you know?" naturally asked the professor.

"Nothing," was the reply; and it caused the doctor to look at his strange visitor most curiously, but with a respectful, an admiring curiosity.

"Nothing!" he repeated. "Do you know, Marie, that your answer does you credit, while it gives me encouragement? I will place you where you will be aided along the first pathways you are eager to traverse. If you answer my expectations, future success, my good girl, shall not fail you."

"I will answer them," said Marie, "God willing. I think I have discovered the position in which He is pleased that I shall be placed."

Marie not only answered, she exceeded the expectations of her godfather. And yet she was not a quick girl. She was much better than that *merely*. She had intellect, and therewith she had the most abundant patience, the most unflagging perseverance. She was never in a hurry to attain an end, and her object was accomplished all the

earlier. Her progress was watched with extraordinary interest by her godfather, and by very many of his friends. It was singular to observe that as her intellect expanded, and her knowledge increased, she seemed to grow beautiful. Her features remained what they had been, save that they gained in refinement; and over all there became spread an expression so exquisite, that it had a hundred-fold the charm of mere material beauty. It was an expression made up of content, gratitude, and consciousness of being victor in a struggle of long continuance. No student ever worked for honor with such zeal as this peasant-girl labored to accomplish the object of her healthy ambition. At the end of five years of almost unremitting application, there were not many *men* in the capital who were acquainted with more languages than the poor girl from the Upper Loire, nor who had read to more purpose, although they might have read more extensively. At the end of seven years, the silent worker, the laborious student, was recognized as the most accomplished woman in the capital. She was amongst the most graceful also; for she seemed to acquire grace in proportion as she acquired knowledge.

"You are one of our best scholars," said her aged and delighted godfather to her; "what is now your purpose?"

"To repay you for aiding me to become what I am. I still want to teach,—not children, but those who aspire to become teachers. My happiness is to labor; that is the labor which will bring me happiness."

Marie Lucille found both, to her heart's content. Her establishment for teaching teachers gained so well-merited a reputation, that when a candidate for a license to become an instructor appeared before the government-board of examiners with a certificate which described her as being a pupil of the once peasant-girl from the Upper Loire, the examination was made all the more rigid, from the conviction of the examiners that the pupil could distinguish herself by the brilliancy, accuracy, and solid worth of her replies.

Few perhaps have been in the Isle de Paris without having had their attention directed to the fine old cloister-looking mansion in which she whom I have called Marie Lucille labored to admirable effect for rather more

than twenty years. In 1855 she withdrew from its superintendence with a fortune which she has right nobly earned; but not until she had provided a successor whose qualifications gave warrant that the establishment and its objects should not suffer.

"Why retire thus early?" said a French prelate to her the other day.

"To give others an opportunity of retiring as early," answered Marie Lucille.

If they who were at Notre Dame on the day of the thanksgiving-service for the downfall of Sebastopol remarked a lady, who was distinguished for her grace, collecting contributions from the faithful, and who was evidently an object of affectionate interest to all, such persons have seen my friend Marie Lucille.

"How," said the archbishop to her, at the *déjeuner* which followed the service,— "how happy you must be in the condition in which it has pleased God to place you!"

"And *that*, monseigneur, because I discovered a truth that is not universally known, namely, that we may be in places which were evidently not intended for us by Heaven."

"I hope," said the prelate, with his joyous laugh, "that you are not alluding to me."

"I fancy," remarked an octogenarian gentleman, who had been a lecturer on therapeutics in his day, "that our friend was thinking of a *curé* in the Upper Loire."

"I was thinking of a poor girl there who once gathered stones in a field for her daily bread, and who has to-day been associated with duchesses in collecting thank-offerings for victory. The place God expressly intended for her was the one she occupied between those two extremes."

The archbishop, by an emphatic nod and a sunny smile, gave ecclesiastical sanction to the sentiment of Marie Lucille.

NOTICES OF WELLINGTON, FROM SIR JOHN MALCOLM'S LIFE.—After the battle of Waterloo, Malcolm went to Paris, where he was received with the utmost cordiality by his old friend the Duke. "His astonishing elevation," Malcolm writes, "had not produced the slightest change. The tone—the manner—every thing was the same." Throughout his life Malcolm appears to have kept journals, and to have preserved his correspondence very carefully. During his stay in Paris, embracing the months of July, August, and September, 1815, he noted down more elaborately than usual the occurrences of every day; and as his intercourse at this time brought him into personal relations with the most distinguished men of the age, his journal abounds in traits and anecdotes which possess a permanent and historical interest.

Speaking of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington said:

"People ask me for an account of the action; I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest. There was no manoeuvring; Bonaparte kept his attacks, and I was glad to let it be decided by the troops."

In reply to an observation of the Duke's, that his army and he knew one another exactly, and had mutual confidence, and were never disappointed, Malcolm suggested that more than one-half of the troops were of other nations.

"That did not signify," said the Duke, "for I had discovered the secret of mixing them up together. Had I employed them in separate corps I should have lost the battle. The Hano-

verians,' he added, 'are good troops, but the new Dutch levies are bad. They, however, served to fill gaps, and I knew where to place them.'"

Here is an anecdote of the Duke on the field, verified by himself:

"The Prince Pozzo di Borgo, who dined with us, told me that he was with the Duke through the whole day of the 18th. 'It was one of those actions,' he said, 'that depended upon the commander being continually in the hottest place, for nothing could be neglected. We were a great part of the time,' he said 'between the two armies, but the coolness of the Duke,' he added, 'is not to be described. Considerable troops of Belgians, stationed at Hougoumont, gave way. The Duke, turning to me, said, smiling, 'Voilà des coquins avec qui il faut gagner une bataille.' I was so struck with this characteristic anecdote, that I went to the Duke, and I asked him if it was true. He said Pozzo di Borgo had repeated his exact words."

The following is startling:

"I heard to-day an extraordinary anecdote, and from a quarter that appears authentic—that it was proposed, as the army was advancing, to offer the crown of France to the Duke of Wellington.* This extraordinary proposition was not only made, but discussed for some time. Though it was rejected, its being entertained for a moment was a remarkable fact."

* Gen. Scott was offered the rule of Mexico.—*Living Age*.

From Chambers' Journal.

CALIFORNIAN GIANTS.

If all England have not heard of the *Mammoth tree* which has of late been exhibited to admiring crowds in London and elsewhere, it is no fault of the newspapers, nor of that numerous band of literary filibusters who are always ready to fight under any banner, and for any captain, if he can only pay them. But all England has not yet heard of the particular place whence the monster came, and will therefore perhaps be willing to read something brief thereupon.

Imagining ourselves for a moment to be in California, in Calaveras county, we follow the course of an affluent of the Stanislas, which winds serpentlike, and with many an eddy, along one of the valleys that penetrate the Sierra Nevada; and at about fifteen miles from Murphy's, we come to a circular basin sequestered among the hills. Its diameter may be a mile, and its elevation from 4000 to 5000 feet above the sea-level. Here we find ourselves in presence of the giants—real giants of the vegetable kingdom, such as we should never have expected to see in these post-diluvian days. Not without emotion, and a profound sense of admiration, do we gaze upon them. The wind blows cold, and the heights around are covered with snow; but we heed not the blast; the snow brings out the trees in better relief; the sight repays us for all our fatigue, and makes us forget the wearisome return-journey yet to be encountered. It is not an every-day occurrence to stand under the shadow of trees that began to grow about the time that Hannibal was marching victorious upon Rome, and were still in their infancy at the birth of Christianity. What changes have come over the world—how many empires have risen and fallen since first their branches waved in the breeze! There they stand, ninety of them, living witnesses of a past far more remote than the earliest dawn of American tradition.

The smallest of these giants is fifteen feet in diameter. They occupy an extent of about fifty acres in the basin above mentioned, where they tower above all others of their species. The tall trees among the latter appear dwarfs in comparison. Long fringes and festoons of yellow moss and lichen hang around their proud trunks; and a parasite growing from their roots—a kind

of *hypopithys*—shoots its graceful stems, adorned with bractea and rose-colored flowers, to a height of ten feet. The place has thus the double charm of beauty and magnificence.

It will be understood, of course, that the giants here spoken of are pine-trees. The tops of many are broken and mutilated by the weight of the snow which in winter accumulates on their terminal branches; and some have been injured at the base by the camp-fires of Indians. A few have been so deeply hollowed by repeated burning, that a whole family might lodge with all their household gear in the blackened excavations. The bark generally is marked by deep longitudinal furrows, presenting the appearance of pillars or fluted columns. One has been stripped of its bark to a height of 100 feet; and a spiral row of pegs driven in, forms a not very safe means of ascent around the bare portion, yet the tree flourishes above as vigorously as ever.

The proprietor of the neighboring tavern conducts his guests to the site of these prodigies of vegetation, and tells their names—he in most instances having been sole sponsor. First he calls attention to the Big Tree, which is, or rather was, 95 feet in circumference, and 300 feet high; for now it lies prostrate, a monarch pulled down by the hands of republicans. Five men were employed for twenty-five days in felling it. They drew a line all round seven feet from the ground, and along this they bored holes close together to the very centre of the stem with an enormous auger, so that the tree losing its equilibrium, at last fell with a shock that echoed like thunder among the hills. Three weeks more were spent in stripping off the bark for a length of 52 feet only: and now the king of the forest has one side flattened to be used as a "bowling alley," at the end of which stands a small wooden house where the players may quench their thirst with juleps and cock-tails. To what base purposes may we not descend! To be told that a wagon and horses could travel easily along the overthrown stem, excites no surprise when we know that its diameter at the thickest end is 23 feet 7 inches, without reckoning the bark, which would be about three feet more. The stump has also been turned to account; its upper surface is smoothed and polished, and sup-

ports a pavilion in which visitors may sit and contemplate the scene around.

Having satisfied our curiosity with regard to the Big Tree, we are next conducted to the Miner's cabin, which stands 300 feet high, and is 80 feet in circumference; to the Old Bachelor, the same height, but 20 feet less in girth; the Hermit, so named from standing a little apart from the rest, a handsome fellow, with one side of his trunk scorched, containing, however, according to the calculation of a knowing "lumber-merchant," 725,000 feet of timber. Then we have the Husband and Wife, not more than 250 feet high, leaning towards each other at the summit; and the Three Sisters, growing apparently from the same root—a remarkably fine group. They are all 300 feet high, and 92 in girth; and the middle one has not a branch below 200 feet. Further on, the Mother and Son attract attention—the lady being 325 feet high, and the youth 300: perhaps he has not done growing. In girth they are both alike—93 feet. Then the Siamese Twins and their Guardian; the O. Maid, like the Bachelor, isolated; but her head is bald; and the Bride of California, the Beauty of the Forest, Mister Shelby, and Uncle Tom's Cabin. This latter has a hollow at the bottom of the trunk large enough to seat twenty-five persons, to which you enter through a gap 10 feet high and 2 feet wide. The Horseback Ride is an old hollow trunk fallen down, in which visitors may ride on horseback.

There are other trees and other names, but those we have enumerated will perhaps suffice, without our repeating any that betray the disposition to vulgarity that prevails in remote parts of the States. The Family Group, however, must not be passed

over in silence: it comprises twenty-six trees, among which are seen father, mother, and twenty-four children. The father lost his perpendicular years ago, and fell down, and yet he is 110 feet in circumference at his base; he was, as is supposed, when in his prime, 450 feet high. The portion which remains is hollow throughout, and partly buried in the soil, while from underneath bursts a perennial spring, which it covered in its fall. The mother is 327 feet high, and 91 in girth; the children are not quite so large. The Americans, in their fondness for "tall" nomenclature, call these fifty acres of trees the Mammoth Grove.

As regards a distinctive botanical term, this colossal species is known by various names: *Taxodium sempervirens*, *Sequoia gigantea*, *Wellingtonia gigantea*, *Washingtonia*, and others. The last two are modern designations; the second, having been assigned by Endlicher in his *Synopsis Coniferarum*, should be regarded as definitive. The wood is of a reddish color, and appears to be more elastic than any other yet known. It has, moreover, the property of not splitting in the sun, and is but little liable to decay; the branches are short, and the foliage similar to that of the juniper. It is considered remarkable that so large a tree should bear such small spines, and cones no bigger than a hen's egg.

Why these trees should be confined to this particular spot, is a question often asked; but the fact is, they are found in other parts of the Sierra Nevada, particularly in the pass leading to Carson Valley, though not in such numbers or of so great dimensions. The difference is charged to the destructive propensities of the Indians.

GUTTA PERCHA IN SHOE-MAKING.—An improved application of soles to boots and shoes is now effected by means of pressure and gutta percha or other cement. The invention consists in uniting to the in-sole a gutta percha sole, or one of leather and some other material, by means of gutta-percha or its equivalent, and by the agency of pressing mechanism, heat being applied to the interior of the last by means of a chamber and pipes, the same not only enabling the gutta-percha of the sole to be softened or rendered adhesive while it is being pressed upon the in-sole and upper sole, but smoothing and finishing it.

COPIES of an extremely beautiful photograph of the lunar mountain "Copernicus," with its remarkable crater, made at the observatory in Rome, have been obtained at the expense of the Royal Society for the use of astronomers in England engaged in observing lunar phenomena.

DRAKE, the Berlin sculptor, has invented a process to protect marble against all damaging influence of the weather. A liquid is employed which the marble imbibes without hurt to its appearance. The discovery is kept a secret.

From The Examiner.

Hymns and Songs of the Church. By George Wither. With an Introduction by Edward Farr. (*Library of Old Authors.*) J. R. Smith.

To Sir Egerton Brydges, and to other men of taste, George Wither owes the revival of his reputation as a poet, and it now only remains for some good friend of honesty to make that patient research into his life which, as we firmly believe, would assure him honor as a citizen. Although in the excellent "Library of Old Authors," which includes now Wither's *Hymns and Songs of the Church*, other of Wither's works are promised, we cannot hope that in the introductions to them we shall find the one thing wanting, for Mr. Farr—it is the only thing we can except against his editing—is disposed to take opinion as he finds it, and treat Wither's political life thus:

"In his Emblems the poet showed himself to be a warm supporter of Monarchy and the Church. In various parts he inveighs bitterly against the Puritan spirit of the age. Within a few years, however, after the publication of his Emblems, a great change took place in his sentiments. In the year 1646 he had become, indeed, as fiery a Puritan as any in England. The Church was denounced by him as the cause of all the misery in the country; 'her avarice and pride' he asserted had first divided the island; and it was from her the

"firebrands came,
That set this empire in a flame.

"Alas, how weak a thing is human nature! This change in the sentiments of Wither is evidently the fruit of disappointment. While hope of patronage warmed his breast, he firmly supported the existing institutions of his country, but when poverty stared him in the face, as it did at this period; when 'death and wasting time' had removed from him those friends from whom to ask a favor was to receive, the poet lost heart, and not only used the pen but unsheathed the sword against the cause he had so long and nobly supported.

"Before, however, this change came over the poet, he rendered considerable service to the cause of devotional literature by the publication in 1641 of the *Halleluiah*, or Britain's Second Remembrancer. This book is very rare, but copious extracts have been given from it by Wither himself in the *Fragmenta Prophetica*; by Sir Egerton Brydges, in the *Censura Literaria*; and by Dalrymple, in his selections from the *Juvenilia*. The touching pathos of many of these

hymns have rarely been equalled, and the republication of them would be a boon to the age in which we live. Witness the beautiful Hymn for Anniversary Marriage days:

"Lord, living here are we,
As fast united yet
As when our hands and hearts by thee
Together first were knit.
And in a thankful song,
Now sing we will thy praise,
For that thou dost as well prolong
Our loving as our days.

"The frowardness that springs
From our corrupted kind,
Or from those troublous outward things
Which may distract the mind:
Permit not thou, O Lord,
Our constant love to shake,
Or to disturb our true accord,
Or make our hearts to ache."

"Who would have imagined that the mind from which such tender thoughts as these emanated, could have mingled in the strife and bitterness of party spirit, which was every day and hour becoming stronger and stronger at this period of English history? yet so it was. With the *Halleluiah* the poetical life of Wither seems to have terminated. He became actively engaged in the earlier part of the civil war; and the 'sweetness of his Shepherd's pipe was lost to him forever.' In an address to his Muse, written years before this period he writes:

"Therefore, Muse, to thee I call,
Thou (since nothing else avails me)
Must redeem me from my thrall.
If thy sweet enchantments fail me,
Then adieu, life, love, and all."

"The latter years of the life of Wither were worn out in strife, in petulant complaints, in penury, and in sorrow. Over this dreary period of the poet's history we draw a veil. The discordant din of politics, war, and fanaticism was to him like as the evil spirit was to Saul: it drove far from him that fine spirit of poesy, which had so long been to him the comfort and solace of his heart. He continued, it is true, from time to time to pour out rhymes, and that with considerable facility, but the spirit and the life of poetry were no longer discernible in his verse. In a word, the after poetry of Wither chiefly consists of narrations and invectives relative to the strife of Royalists and Parliamentarians.

"Wither reaped the bitterest fruits of his tergiversation at the Restoration of the Royal Family."

It may indeed be that Mr. Farr sees nothing in the contest raised by Charles the First among his people but "the strife and bitter-

ness of party spirit." Wither saw in it more. Even in these *Hymns and Songs of the Church*, written while as a Christain and a man of honor he still felt it to be his duty to abide by Church and King, we may discover evidence enough of the misgivings he already felt when looking at the prospects of the country. This is his sacred song "For the King's Day."

I.

"When, Lord, we call to mind those things
That should be sought of thee,
Remembering that the hearts of Kings
At thy disposing be;
And how, of all those blessings which
Are outwardly possest,
To make a kingdom safe and rich,
Good Princes are the best;

II.

"We thus are moved to sing thy praise
For him thou deigned hast,
And humbly beg that all our days
Thy care of us may last.
O, bless our King, and let him reign
In peaceful safety long,
The Faith's Defender to remain,
And shield the truth from wrong.

III.

"With awful love, and loving dread,
Let us observe him, Lord;
And, as the members with their head,
In Christian peace accord;
And fill him with such royal care,
To cherish us for this,
As if his heart did feel we are
Some living parts of his.

IV.

"Let neither party struggle from
That duty should be shown,
Lest each to other plagues become,
And both be overthrown:
For o'er a disobedient land
Thou dost a tyrant set,
And those, that tyrant-like command,
Have still with rebels met.

V.

"O, never let so sad a doom
Upon these kingdoms fall;
And to assure it may not come,
Our sins forgive us all:
Yea, let the parties innocent
Some damage rather share,
Than, by unchristian discontent,
A double curse to bear.

VI.

"Make us (that placed are below,
Our callings to apply)
Not over curious be to know
What he intends on high:
But teach him justly to command,
Us rightly to obey,
So both shall safe together stand,
And doubts shall fly away.

VII.

"When hearts of Kings we pry into,
Our own we do beguile;
And what we ought ourselves to do,
We leave undone the while:
Whereas, if each man would attend
The way he hath to live,
And all the rest to thee commend,
Then all should better thrive.

VIII.

"O, make us, Lord, disposed thus,
And our dread Sovereign save;
Bless us in him, and him in us,
We both may blessings have;
That many years for him we may
This Song devoutly sing,
And mark it for a happy day,
When he became our King."

At last the point came beyond which it was unjust to bid

"—the parties innocent
Some damage rather share,
Than, by unchristian discontent,
A double curse to bear."

George Wither,—than whom few men were possessed more strongly by the sense of right, who had begun public life in the world by war against misdoing in his bold satire, the "Abuses stript and whipt,"—determining to do battle in the cause of law and of the people, sold his estate to raise a troop of horse, but it would appear that he did not then wish to part farther from the King than the King had already parted from the country. Of the King in his right place he still declared himself a friend, by the words he inscribed on his flag—"Pro Rege, Lege, et Grege."

As he forsook the King of England, so he forsook the Church of England, parting only from its worldly usurpations. Here we may quote Mr. Farr, who says:

"As a politician no praise can be given to Wither. Yet, though in reference to politics he was like a reed shaken by every wind, he seems on the whole to have preserved his honesty. He was unbending even to Cromwell, and for this he finally lost the Protector's favor. His political sentiments can scarcely be defined, nor are his religious feelings less difficult to portray. In early life he was a strict Episcopalian, and when he joined the ranks of Republicanism he seems to have forsaken the outward forms of Episcopacy rather than its ordinances. He called himself a Catholic Christian; and asserted that he separated 'from no church adhering to the foundations of Christianity.' Of his inherent piety there can be on

question. His writings abound with proofs of the sincerity of his religious profession, and though there is in 'all of them somewhat savoring of a natural spirit,' yet there is also in all, much 'that is dictated by a better spirit than his own.' 'Amidst all his misfortunes, his character was marked by dignity and fortitude—the result of true piety.' Even in the midst of the deepest affliction he could sing,—

“ ‘But, Lord, though in the dark
And in contempt thy servant lies,
On me there falls a spark
Of loving kindness from thine eyes.’ ”

Of such a man it needs little acuteness to distrust Wood's insinuation, that being constituted by the Long Parliament justice of peace in quorum for Hampshire, Surrey, and Essex, and then major-general of all horse and foot in Surrey, in that office he "licked his fingers sufficiently." Certainly Wither spent a large part of his life in poverty, and the greed of which he was accused accords ill with the whole tone of his writings, or with the philosophical spirit of the emblem he chose for himself, "*Nec habeo, nec carco, nec curo.*" Pleasantly like truth, however, is part of another of Wood's stories, to wit, that Wither being taken by the Royalists, "Sir John Denham, the poet, some of whose estate at Egham, in Surrey, Wither had got into his clutches, desired his Majesty not to hang him, because so long as Wither lived, Denham would not be accounted the worst poet in England." In such an anecdote one may see kindly help given by one man to another of his own fraternity, given, too, in the right way to take effect with a prince in whose eyes a light word weighed more than an earnest one.

So far we have dwelt upon that aspect of George Wither's life which Mr. Farr has passed over with the suggestion that it is not to his hero's credit. Undoubtedly it needs investigation, but we are convinced that fair and full investigation would be repaid by the discovery of an unswerving truthfulness and manliness in Wither's character. Men who live in a time of all-pervading controversy are not to have their natures defined by a glance at the surface of contemporary portraits. George Wither, without having the power to make his thoughts the mind of thousands following his lead, took and acted upon his own view of his duty to his country; but that is a course always perilous

to reputation. Whoever does so, if he cannot create hosts of partisans, must suffer in his own time much misrepresentation, through which it is hard for those who live in later days to get at simple truth.

Of the life of Wither as a poet Mr. Farr gives, in his Introduction to this volume, a sufficient sketch; in judgment upon his works, rating him, we think, a little higher than his merits. In contemplation, as in action, Wither's highest merit was his honesty. That is the glory of his satire, written at the age of four-and-twenty, the "Abuses stript and whipt," in which "I have strived," he says, "to be as plain as a packsaddle." His best work is in the Eclogues called "The Shepherds Hunting," written while for his satire he was suffering hunger and privation as a prisoner in the Marshalsea. The brave spirit breaks out even among the pastorals, in which there is abundant tenderness and fancy.

The poet, who lived to within a year of eighty, was but thirty-four years old when he obtained the King's patent ordering the *Songs and Hymns of the Church* which appear in the volume now before us "to be inserted in convenient manner and due place into every English psalm-book in metre." Against this privilege the Company of Stationers actively battled, and by their passive individual resistance the members of that body continued to make it a dead letter. Upon the subject of the controversy raised as to this matter, Mr. Farr has with great judgment left Wither to speak for himself, by giving copious citations from his prose tract called—eloquent name—"The Scholar's Purgatory." We cite one or two passages. As to his covetousness, he writes,—the Hymns having proved a heavy loss to him:

"We see the flesh and the Devil, having for their service thousands of vain songs and profane ballads, stored up in the stationers' warehouses, have nevertheless many Muses perpetually employed for the composing of new strains; and that many hundred pounds are yearly consumed upon them, to the enriching of those merchants; to the shame of our profession; to the corruption of youth; and to the building up of the kingdom of sin and Satan; as it is well known and observed by many of good note in this Reverend Assembly. Yet there having been, for divers ages together, but so many Hymns composed and published, as make in some impressions not above two sheets and a half

of paper, for the reverence and practice of devotion unto the honor of God, they are censured as impertinent; maliciously exclaimed on; violently opposed; and the author of them seeking, for the needful hire of his labor, but his due, and what strangers should have been suffered to make thereof, is publicly accused, as a man covetously hunting after the world, and an injurious oppressor of the Commonwealth.

"My weak fortunes, my troubles, and the chargeableness of a study, that brings with it no outward supply, put me into a kind of necessity to cast my thoughts aside unto worldly respects; but I have since been sorry for it upon better consideration. And as a just reward for my too earnest looking after vain hopes, I do now accept of my present trouble that outwardly is like to impoverish me. And the time thereof draws me the more heedfully to consider it, being just about that season wherein I expected to reap some contentment in the fruition of my labor and expenses."

As to the impropriety of annexing his Hymns to the Psalm-book, Wither says:

"I know not what it is which should make my 'Book of Hymns' appear so ridiculous unto them, or so unworthy to be annexed to the English Psalm-Book, as they pretend. In respect of the matter, it cannot justly be excepted against; for a great part thereof is Canonical Scripture; and the rest also is both agreeable thereunto in every particular, and consonant to the most approved discipline of the Church of England. So that, how squeamishly soever some of their stomachs brook it, they, being allowed by authority, are as fit, I trust, to keep company with David's Psalms, as Robert Wisdome's 'Turk and Pope,' and those other apocryphal Songs and Prayers, which the Stationers add to the Psalm-Book, for their more advantage. Sure I am, that if their additions shall be allowed of by the most voices, yet mine shall be approved of, before those, by the best judgments."

Then, as to his not being a professional divine, he writes:

"My adversaries do pick personal quarrels also: alleging that I have undecently intruded upon the divine calling; and that my performances, being but the fruits of a private spirit, are therefore void and unwarrantable. Yes, if we may believe the Stationers, many zealous ministers have taxed me for meddling with a work of that nature, affirming that it was a task fitter for a divine than for me: and so bitterly have many of them, as I hear, censured me for it in their

private conferences, that I have good cause to suspect it was rather envy than anything else, which induced most of them to be of that opinion. If it be a work so proper to a divine that no man else ought to have meddled with it, I would some of them had taken it in hand, who give me so little thanks for my labor, that we might have seen with what spirit they are guided. I wonder what divine calling Hopkins and Sternhold had more than I have, that their 'Metrical Psalms' may be allowed of, rather than *my Hymns*. Surely, if to have been Groom of the Privy Chamber were sufficient to qualify them, that profession which I am of may as well fit me for what I have undertaken, who having first laid the foundation of my studies in one of our famous Universities, have ever since builded thereon, towards the erecting of such fabriques as I have now in hand.

"But I would gladly know by what rule those men discern of spirits who condemn my endeavor as the work of a private spirit. The time was, men did judge the tree by his fruit; but now they will judge the fruit by the tree. If I have expressed anything repugnant to the analogy of the Christian Faith; or irreverently opposed the orderly and allowed discipline; or dissented in any point from the spirit of verity which breathes through the Holy Catholic Church, then let that which I have done be taxed for the work of a private spirit.

"Let it not, therefore, I beseech you, be an imputation unto me, that I have performed a better work than my calling seems to oblige me unto. For though some have taxed me for meddling with that which seems more properly to belong to their profession, it is odds but they are otherwise as busy in some employments, which would better have beseeemed a man of my quality, than a man of their coat; and therefore let us excuse and forgive one another."

Wither, when more than seventy years old, was sent by the restored King to Newgate, where it was ordered that he should be deprived of the use of pens, ink, and paper, —serious deprivation to a man whose pleasure it was to write very copiously,—but it was his fortune to find gaolers who were not inexorable. We quote from Mr. Farr a word or two on Wither's private life:

"According to Aubrey, Wither married Elizabeth Emerson, of South Lambeth, who was a great wit, and could also write verse. How tenderly he was attached to his consort many touching passages in his poetry testify. No mention is made of her death, but it

seems probable that she had preceded him to the tomb. His wife had borne him six children, but one only, a daughter, survived her parents.

"The private character of Wither was one of almost patriarchal simplicity. It was a reflex of his poetry. As a son, a friend, a parent, and a husband, never did character shine more brightly. Austerely simple and unostentatious, he loathed the fawning adulation of the age in which he lived. To use his own language—

"When any bow'd to me with congees trim,
All I could do was stand and laugh at him :
Bless me ! I thought, what will this coxcomb
do,

When I perceived one reaching at my shoe."

"In his habits he was very temperate. His chief indulgence was in the luxury of smoking. In Newgate his pipe was a solace to him, and he gratefully acknowledged God's mercy in wrapping up 'a blessing in a weed.'"

We are glad to see that a selection from the writings of this worthy is to be included in that cheap issue of good old books under the name of a *Library of Old Authors*, which has found a publisher in Mr. J. R. Smith, of Soho square. The *Hymns and Songs of the Church* well merited republication, and are likely to be popular. They include in the first part a metrical version of the hymns incidentally included in the books of the Old and New Testaments, and in the second part a song for each of "those days and occasions which are most observable throughout the year." This song for

the celebration of the Conversion of St. Paul supplies a fair suggestion of their quality :

I.

"A blest conversion, and a strange,
Was that, when Saul a Paul became
And, Lord, for making such a change,
We praise and glorify thy name :
For whilst he went from place to place,
To persecute thy truth and thee
(And running to perdition was),
By powerful grace call'd back was he.

II.

"When from the truth we go astray
(Or wrong it through our blinded zeal),
O come, and stop us in the way,
And then thy will to us reveal;
That brightness show us from above,
Which proves the sensual eye-sight blind;
And from our eyes those scales remove,
That hinder us thy way to find.

III.

"And as thy blessed servant, Paul,
When he a convert once became,
Exceeded thy Apostles all,
In painful preaching of thy name :
So grant that those who have in sin
Exceeded others heretofore,
The start of them in faith may win,
Love, serve, and honor thee the more."

The little prefaces with which the Hymns and Songs are each in its turn introduced will not be overlooked by any reader. They contain much of the author's wisdom, not a little also of his happy wit. They show the spirit of the time and of the man who wrote, while they are of a kind to be of use in all times as a help to pious meditation.

Poems of Robert Green and Christopher Marlowe. Edited by Robert Bell.

THIS new addition to Parker's "Annotated English Poets" is one of the *rarest* of the series. The choice of subjects, the selection of images, the mode of thinking, the diction and versification, are all different from the present taste; so that the poems are rather curious than popular. Except in this volume, we believe, they are hardly attainable, at least as regards Green; for in his case they are scattered through his dramas and prose romances, whence Mr. Bell has drawn them. Nor is their curiosity merely confined to their own literary character. Unless Surrey and Wyatt be considered as exceptions, which we doubt, Green and Marlowe are the first imaginative writers who addressed the *people* in modern English and in a style of ideas yet living. The fashion is indeed changed,

and greatly; but there is no substantial alteration. Both writers are perfectly comprehensible, especially Green.

The lives of both poets are among the saddest in English literature for the profligate licentiousness in which they were passed, apparently without excuse; as well as for the physical destitution and mental dejection which attended Green's death-bed; Marlowe was cut off in a tavern brawl at the age of thirty. Green's own productions, there is little doubt, contain much autobiographical matter. A circumstantial narrative of his death and death-bed repentance, by giving rise to controversy, threw a strong light upon his own career and the character of Marlowe. Of all these materials Mr. Bell has skilfully availed himself, and presented in brief compass a striking picture of these founders of the Elizabethan drama.—*Spectator.*

From The Spectator.

RYLAND'S MEMOIRS OF DR. KITTO.*

THE late Dr. Kitto was, in a certain way, as remarkable a man as any in the range of science or literature. Except a desultory attendance for a few years at the cheapest day-schools, such as country day-schools were fifty years ago, he had no instruction; and though a few men might possibly be adduced as having had even less educational advantages, he may fairly be ranked among the self-taught. Through an accidental fall, in his thirteenth year, he became so deaf that he was shut out from all external impressions by the ear; even the loudest musical sounds could not stimulate his auditory nerve. His parents were in such abject poverty through the tippling propensities of his father, that some time after his recovery he was sent to the Plymouth workhouse. Here he was kindly regarded by the master, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Burnard, clerk to the Guardians; both of whom allowed him some indulgences, and to pursue that love of reading which seemed in him innate. The rule of the house, however, was *work*; young Kitto was taught shoemaking, and after a time was bound apprentice to a man of the name of Bowden. This person not only used him cruelly, but kept him so unreasonably long at work that he had no time to read or write. Hitherto he had occupied his leisure by reading all the books he could borrow; what money he could command he devoted to the purchase of paper; and he made a trifle by painting "lodgings to let" and similar window-bills. The tyranny of his master becoming unbearable, he complained to his friend Mr. Burnard; and the case having been investigated, the indentures were cancelled and Kitto returned to the workhouse. His infirmity compelled him to explain his case by writing; and the ability he displayed having attracted attention, his story was inquired into, and procured him a certain provincial patronage. A subscription was raised; he was placed with Mr. Burnard to board and lodge, and allowed to have the run of the public library. Various plans were talked

about, but the final upshot was the publication of a volume of "Essays" by subscription, and the removal of the author, who had then a missionary longing, to the College at Islington, with a view to his instruction as a missionary printer—not, as Kitto wished, a preaching or literary missionary. He appears to have been somewhat self-willed by nature; his affliction probably rendered him sensitive and irritable; complaints were made that he gave too much time to literary study, at the expense of the types. Some correspondence passed, and Kitto withdrew from the Society; but, through the mediation of a staunch friend, Mr. Groves, the difference was arranged, and Kitto went to Malta. Here the same complaint arose; and after some eighteen months he returned to England, on a censure which he conceived to be a dismissal. Mr. Ryland seems to think that Kitto was not free from blame; but religious Nonconformist bodies are generally hard taskmasters.

Kitto was again adrift upon the world in his twenty-fifth year. (He was born in December, 1804, and his return from Malta took place in the early part of 1829.) He had some schemes in view, which were stopped by his friend Mr. Groves. That gentleman was going to Bagdad, via St. Petersburg, on some missionary plan of his own, and he offered to take Kitto with him, nominally as a tutor to his sons. This was the turning-point in Kitto's literary career. The long journey from St. Petersburg to Persia, through Moscow, Astrachan, and the Caucasian provinces, opened to him a larger field of observation; his sojourn at Bagdad, and his Eastern travels, not only gave him matter for books on his return, but furnished him with the ideas and the materials for that peculiar walk of literature which occupied so much of his future life—the illustration of Scripture by the existing features of nature and the actual practices of life. After about four years' absence, he returned to England in June, 1833; and was introduced to the Useful Knowledge Society. With this body, or more properly with Mr. Charles Knight, he was connected till the stoppage of the concern; having published in the interim, *The Pictorial Bible*, and *The Pictorial History of Palestine*, as well as a good many smaller books. He also contributed regularly and extensively to

* *Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A.; compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals. By J. E. Ryland, M.A., Editor of "Foster's Life and Correspondence," &c. With a Critical Estimate of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings, by Professor Eadie, D.D., LL.D., Glasgow. Published by Hamilton and Adams, London; Oliphant, Edinburgh.*

The Penny Magazine, *The Companion to the Newspaper*, and other periodicals emanating from the same quarter. In 1843, he published with Messrs. Black *The History of Palestine*; and in 1845 his broadest and we think his best work, *The Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*. From that time till his death, in 1854, his public life was measured by his successive publications. In fact, through necessity and habit, all his waking hours were devoted to reading or writing. He rose at four or five, and, with no other relaxation than a little gardening, and no other interruption than meals and an occasional visitor, he worked till bedtime. His deafness, shutting him out from external impressions, seems to have had the effect of concentrating his mind upon itself, or rather upon intellectual ideas and images. This deafness, it was thought, by preventing any self-test of his articulation,—aggravated, perhaps, by a West-country patois,—rendered his discourse not very intelligible to those unaccustomed to it. This, again, had a tendency to prevent him from talking; finger-speaking is known to few, and is difficult to follow; writing, to which he had recourse, is very troublesome; so that he was almost shut out from social communication. Mrs. Kitto writes as follows to the biographer.

"In ordinary company he was far from comfortable, and could only take refuge in a book. Most of his friends, though they might enjoy hearing him talk,—that is, the few who could understand him,—had themselves so little to say, or were so discouraged by the slow process of finger-talk and the still more cumbrous resource of pen and paper, that they seldom or ever made the effort to speak. Thus he was generally left to himself, reading, or while watching an opportunity to speak, perhaps incurring the mortification of finding that he had interrupted some one. When he met with literary characters or men of real information, he kept them continually writing, often catching with his quick eye the meaning of their answers before they were fully written. He had one friend who was capable of keeping him in a state of continued excitement. Though I could execute the finger-talk with great rapidity, I could never read it; so that I could only guess at what had been said by other persons from the tenor of my husband's remarks. I was always aware when the company was irksome to him. Husbands are not clever at hiding their feelings from their wives; and I could easily discern

his, which often made me quite as miserable as himself. I felt that he ought not to be made to feel his infirmity, which was always the case when he was out of his library. We therefore mutually agreed that the reception of friends was not suited to our condition, and learned to live alone. But there was one dear family of children, whose growing intelligence he had watched from their infancy on his visits to their parents; them he delighted to visit, or to be visited by. They had all been drawn to him in love during their childhood, and had learned to talk on their fingers, and could as freely ask and reply to questions as any of his own family. He always kept these young people in full talk, and while in his company there was no reprieve for their poor fingers. Sometimes he insisted on their playing on the piano 'The Battle of Prague;' and he sat with his fingers placed on the sounding-board, seeming to derive pleasure from the vibrations he felt. His entire helplessness in all matters extraneous to his library rendered him quite dependent on me; whilst I felt it a privilege thus to guard and keep in quiet one whose time was devoted to such noble ends. But the cares of a large family quite destroyed of late years the close union of the early period, and I may say quite separated us except at meal-times; for it rendered such exactions of labor necessary on his part that he had no spare time: but of this he never complained."

Kitto was once married, and twice engaged; each having a touch of romance. The first time he was jilted; his betrothed during his absence at Malta having married another, without a word of explanation. His courtship arose from peculiar circumstances. Mrs. Kitto had originally been engaged to Mr. Shepherd, who was attached to an Oriental mission, came home with Kitto, and died in quarantine off the Isle of Sheppy. Kitto waited upon the lady with her lover's last memorials; an acquaintance took place; "pity melts the mind to love," and they were married.

The life of John Kitto ought to have produced a book alike interesting and instructive. Such is very far from being the case with this bulky volume of nearly seven hundred pages. The narrative parts of the early career are distinguished by the flat diffuseness, the minute details, and occasionally the poor jokes of the platform school. It seems to be a theory with many people that whatever a man writes himself must be autobiographical. At all events, Mr. Ryland

acts upon this notion nearly throughout. The early period is quite overwhelmed by "letters and journals," many of them apparently written as literary exercises, at a time of life when neither observation nor experience could have given Kitto matter to write about. The few facts or expressions of biographical feelings they contain are smothered by a sermonlike quantity of words; the power of pouring forth which was natural to Kitto, unless writing had become to him a substitute for speech. The letters from Islington and Malta have more matter than the Plymouth writings; and they are fewer in number, perhaps from the printing-work allowing him less leisure. The epistles and journals during the four years in the East are interesting; but they are travels, and the substance of a large portion was known already from books or articles published by Kitto after his return. Contrary to the usual case, the last twenty years of his life, when he was directly engaged in literature, though somewhat overdone, are fresher and more interesting. Yet this newest and most mature part of the life occupies little more than one-fifth of the book. It is a mechanical mode of criticism

to reckon pages, but that is really the best mode of conveying an idea of this memoir.

The early life at Plymouth and Exeter, the substance of which is before the world in several forms, occupies 184 pages.
His connection with the Missionary body at London and Malta 107 pages.
His Oriental life, the greater portion travels, and *that* part already known . . . 234 pages.
Literary life in London . . . 137 pages.

The excessive extension of biographies, without any corresponding character or information, is a crying literary evil. Southey's *Life and Correspondence* will fill ten volumes. Only last week we had the journals of Moore, extending to eight volumes; the memoirs of so feeble and past a poet as Montgomery of Sheffield are to make seven; the life of Dr. Beaumont, with hardly any biographical matter in it, was nominally only one volume, but with type enough to have formed two or three volumes of the usual kind; and now we have Mr. Ryland's very bulky book, whose chief value is its raw material for the use of a future biographer of Kitto.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—There is quite a difference of opinion among scientific men in reference to the construction of the termination of lightning conductors—one party maintaining that the present pointed terminations are wrong and that balls or knobs should be substituted, and the other that electricity is best discharged by pointed conductors. The first named position is taken by Mr. Hephburn and others, who agree that, for the absorption and transmission of an accumulated mass of electricity, an extended surface is required; and, as in the protection of buildings it is necessary to provide for the instantaneous absorption of a concentrated mass of electricity darting through the air in the form of a flash or ball, it is asserted that the conductor ought to terminate in one or more pear-shaped balls, having a surface sufficient to absorb at least as much of the fluid as the descending rod is capable of carrying to the earth.

GLASS AND ITS PHENOMENA.—The elasticity of glass exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are

some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that have been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, stone, &c., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea dropped from three inches height has made them fly.

A BOHEMIAN translation of the dramatic works of Shakspeare has just left the press, and is spoken of as a creditable affair. The translator is Herr F. Malay

H.M.S. "RESOLUTE."

SHIP ho! going free through the sleet and roar,
A sturdy broad-bowed craft,
With the English ensign at the fore,
And the stars and stripes abaft.

"What ship? what ship?" cried the pilot's crew,

As under her lee they shoot;
And the captain hails, from the fore-castle rails,
"The good ship *Resolute*!

"With never a trenail started,
A-taunt from her keel to truck,
As when with her crew she parted,
While the great bergs strained her and struck.

To bring a New Year's gift here
My country did me depute"—
O! a heartier cheer you shall never hear
Than theirs for the *Resolute*!

Twelve hundred miles she had drifted,
A year and four months through,
Wherever the wild wind shifted,
Wherever the currents drew.
But a touch she could feel was on the wheel,
And by unseen mariners manned,
With her rigging good still onward she stood
In the rocks of the Labrador land.

'Twas there that aboard a whaler
Brave Hartstein saw her aground,
And, like a daring sailor,
Sailed home in her safe and sound.
Then the Yankee riggers fitted her,
And the Yankee people paid
Two thousand score of dollars or more,
That the gift might be grandly made.

Then nine times nine for the *Resolute*!
'Tis a gift with a right good grace;
In our Queen's "I thank you" shall be heard
The thanks of the English race.
Long so may the Eagle and Red Cross
Together float and be furled;
Then back to back we'll dare, good lack,
The "balance" of all the world!

—*The Press*, 20 Dec.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WATERING PLACE.

I LOVE to roam by the salt sea-foam,
When the dolphins play and spring,
And the mild sea-mew, and the stone curlew,
And the stormy petrels sing;
When the sea-gulls sweep o'er the pea-green deep,
And whistle as they fly,
And the cormorant proud shrieks out of a cloud,
Between the waves and sky.

The beach I tread—from its pebbly bed
The living oyster snatch,
And the swift crab chase o'er the sand apace,
And the crafty lobster catch.

The whelk I pursue, and the winkle too,
Where the frantic billows roar,
And the shrimp, and the prawn, with his red shell on,
I hunt on the bold sea-shore.

—*Punch's Almanac*.

A TROPICAL SQUALL.

NIGHT gathers down—a night of loveliness—
Rich with the light of heaven's refulgent eyes,
And fanned by gales, that with soft kisses press
The dimpling sea, which murmurs to their sighs.

But soon the prospect alters—clouds arise
Black and portentous, and, as with a pall,
Shadow the gold and azure of the skies.
Low, distant thunder-shocks our ears appal,
And, hissing its approach, is heard the rushing squall.

Torn from its parent ocean by the blast
Fast flies the vapory scud before the gale;
The cordage strains and quivers, and each mast
Bends with the pressure of its swelling sail;
The Boatswain's whistle, and the Seaman's hail,
In sounds discordant on the tempest sweep,
And—like a timid deer when dogs assail—
The vessel, startled from her placid sleep,
Leaning her lofty side, moves madly through the deep.

So low she leans, the foaming waves seem lashing
Her leeward side as with intent to pour
Their waters o'er her, while their angry dashing
Breaks on the ear with hoarse and sullen roar,
To the pale landsman 'tis an hour of awe,
But nought of fear the Seaman's breast entails,
Long practiced with the elements to war,
He promptly moves where urgent duty calls,
And, save his chieftain's frown, scarce heeds what ill befalls.

The lofty yard he treads with nerves unshock'd,
To pass the reef, or shatter'd sail to fold,
His fragile foot-ropes by the tempest rock'd,—
The storm-toss'd canvas struggling in his hold,—
The lightnings round him, and the ocean rolled
In mingled foam and fury, far below;
Still in gay concert with his comrades bold
Lightly is heard his nautic song to flow,
In the loud storm the same as when soft zephyrs blow.

Short-lived as passion in the fiery brain
The tropic tempest, 'tis e'en now suppress,
Save that the lingering clouds, surcharged with rain,
Weep copious tears on ocean's tossing breast,
As though they sorrow'd at his late unrest
And present turbulence, not wholly past;—
Their unfeign'd woe our dripping sails attest,
Which now, no longer steadied by the blast,
Flap heavily and wet against the rocking mast.

—*Sharpe's Magazine*.